# POEMS,

## WC BY WC

## ELDRED REVETT.

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Horat. Ep. lib. 2.

*Ad Auguſt.*

*—— Quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit, ſibi ducunt:*
*Vel quia turpe putant parere* minoribus, *& quæ*
Imberbes *didicere, Senes perdenda fateri.*

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M.C M.C

# TO

# The best Worthy of Honour, his Noble Kinseman,

# *ROBERT HENLY, Esquire.*

*SIR,*

*HOw much Poesie is declined from that esteem it had sometimes arrived to, the bold in-*

*vectives of a cheap multitude, are the but too eaſie inſtances; and nothing is ſo now the buſineſs of theſe* Epiſtles, *as the defence of* Writing: *we live in the dayes of Tumult, and in the noiſe of Batteries.*

Hìc ego Rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, & tempeſtatibus Urbis,

Verba Lyræ motura ſonum connectere dignor!

*When no* Amphion *can be heard,*

*heard, however able to re-order the ſtones, and reconcile them to their breaches, the* Nine *had now found a no ſo ingenious Quarter, as the* Macedonian *gave to their farthest Relations, who (at the razing of an obſtinate (city) forgot not (in the wildneſſe of diſcontent and Warre) to exempt (from an otherwiſe generall ruine) the whole ſtocke of Pindar. I have not then preſumed on this* Dedication, *that theſe ſheetes deſerve, but that they need, the*

best Patronage. They are borne in an Age enough resolved, that the Muses make a Body Politique, but Monstrous, by bringing to it unnecessary and superfluous Members; and in an adventitious weakeness they will come new Argument to the tyrannie of Prejudice: They will therefore owe their whole safetie to the Honour of your Name, and indeed Protection is but Complement to an assured sufficiencie. If you finde in some of them a too early

*early growth, let them finde an Excuſe in their Non-age, and not paſſe an Examination after that of the* Ferula. *The reſt have beene the Diverſion of ſome my more indulgent Houres, and to my beſt Diſcourſe, they weare no intereſts, but their owne: I had rather be thought to want the Advantages, than derive the Acknowledgement:*

Alium

Alium qui recitet, & quærit famam,
Non emere Librum, ſed Silentium debet.

*Where I have dealt in a Divine matter, I have not loved to looſe my ſelfe in Myſteries, or betray my Youth to an Oracle: I have therefore onely glanced on Subjects, the fitteſt for Phancie, and (that alone) that, of two Mites, I might return one, a Tribute to Heaven.*

*Though*

# Dedicatorie.

*Though I have in nothing else a satisfaction; I shall enough receive it if you pardon the address.*

*Sir,*

Of

*October 19. 1647.* Your, in all Obedience,

Servant and Kinsman,

*Eldred Revett.*

---

# *To my dear Friend*

## Mr. ELDRED REVETT,

### On his Poems
### *Moral, and Divine.*

CLeft (as the top of the inſpired hill;)
Struggles the ſoul of my divided quill:
While this foot doth the watry mount aſpire
That *Sinais* living and en-liv'ning fire.
Behold! my power's ſtorm'd by a twiſted light
O'th Sun, and his firſt kindled his ſight.
And my left thoughts invoke the Prince of Day,
My right to'th ſpring of it, and him do pray.
Say happy youth crown'd with a heav'nly ray
Of the firſt flame, and inter-wreathed bay,
Inform my ſoul in labour to begin,
*Io's*, or Anthems, Pœans, or a Hymne,
Shall I a Hecatombe on thy tripod ſlay,
Or my devotions at thine Altar pay:
While which t'adore, the maz'd world cannot tell
The ſublime Urim, or [illegible] Oracle.
Hark how the [illegible] chords temper our brain!
As when *Apollo* ſerenades the main,
Old Ocean ſmooths his ſullen, furrow'd front,
And Nereides do glide ſoft meaſures on't;
Whil'ſt th'Aire puts on it's ſleekeſt ſmootheſt face,
nd each doth turn the others Looking-glaſs.
So by thy ſinewie Lyre now ſtrook (we ſee)
to ſoft calms all ſtorms of Poeſie:

And

And former thund'ring and lightning lines
And Verſe now in its Native Luſtre ſhines.
How were't thou hid within thy ſelf? how ſhut
Thy pretious *Illiads* lockt up in a nut?
(Not hearing from thee) thou doſt break out ſtrong
Invading (fourty thouſand-men) in ſong
And we (ſecure in our thin, empty, heat)
Now find our ſelves at once ſurpriz'd and beat;
While the moſt valiant of our wits now ſue,
Fling down their Armes, ask quarter too of you.
So cabbin'd up in its diſguis'd courſe, ruſt,
And ſcurf'd all ore with its unſeemly cruſt.
The Diamond (from midſt the humbler ſtones)
(Sparkling) ſhoots forth the price of Nation's.
Ye ſage unriddlers of the Stars, pray tell
By what name ſhall I ſtamp my Miracle?
Thou ſtrange inverted *Æſon*, that leapſt ore,
From thy firſt infancie into fourſcore;
That to thine own ſelf back'ſt the Mid-wife plaid!
And from thy brain ſpring'ſt forth the heav'nly Maid!
Thou ſtaff of him; bore him, that bore our ſins,
That (but ſet down) to bloom and bear begins!
Thou Rod of *Aaron* that with one motion hurl'd
Bud'ſt a perfume of Flowers through the world?
Thou ſtrange calcined ſeeds within a glaſs,
Each ſpecies *Idea* ſpring'ſt as 'twas!
Bright veſtal flame, that kindled but now
For ever doſt the ſacred fiers throw!
Thus the re-ite.'d acts of *Neſtors* age
(That now had three times ore outliv'd the ſtage,
And all thoſe beams contracted into one)
*Alcides* in his cradle hath out-done.
But all theſe flouriſhing hues with which I die
Thy Virgin-paper now are vain as I,
For 'bove the Poets heaven th'art taught to ſhine,
And move as in thy proper *Chryſtalline*:
Whence that mole-hil *Parnaſſus*, thou doſt view,

And us ſmall Ants there dabling in its dew,
Whence thy Seraphick ſoul ſuch hymnes doth play
As thoſe to which firſt danced the firſt day;
Where with a thorn from the worlds ranſoming wreath
Thou (ſtung) doſt Antiphons, and Anthems breath,
Where with an Angels quill, dipt i'th lambs blood,
Thou ſin'gſt our Pellicans all-ſaving Flood,
And bath'ſt thy thoughts in ever-living ſtreams.
Rinc't from Earth's tainted, fat and heavie ſteams.
There move tranſlated youth! enrol'd ith' quire
That onely doth with holy layes inſpire,
To whom his burning Coach *Elias* ſent,
And the Royal Prophet-Prieſt his Harp hath lent,
Which thou doſt tune in concent unto thoſe
Clap wings for ever at each hallowed cloſe:
While we now weak and fainting in our praiſe,
(Sicke) Eccho ore thy Halleluiahs.

*Richard Lovelace.*

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To

# *To his Worthy Friend on his Poems.*

VVE claim no ſhare, to you the Bays are due,
Who have made *Poems*, and Us *Poets* too,
While, by a brave, inimicable flight
You both *diſhearten*, and *engage* to write,
Shamed at once, If *not at all* we try,
And yet *deſpairing* ever *to come nigh*;
We uſher nothing to your following ſtate,
Whether in *number valu'd*, or in *weight*.
You, like *Your Phœnix*, are your ſelf a *kind*,
Not cauſe our flow'rs are to your Poſies joyn'd,
By which no *Luſtre* is on *your ſide* won,
We are the Starres *in That*, and you the Sun.
Rivers may urge, They *ſwell*, the Byllowie *Main*,
But ask them whence they their *owne waters drain*.
Glaſſes may *boaſt Their Office*, yet they owe,
Unto our *very Faces*, *what they ſhow*.
So little (though it ſeem) is any thing
That of Acceſs unto thy Worth we bring,
Sole purchaſer of thine immortall Fame,
Although the Deeds are paſsed in our Name.
On others here I may be thought too free,
Yet, with fair leave, I give but Right to Thee,
Having confeſs'd the Truſt, we adde no more,
But to thy Book, we turn the Reader o're.

B, H.

To

## To his best Brother
# Mr. Eldred Revett,
## *On his Poems, Humane and Divine.*

THy pen hath now flow'd o're, and fill'd the age,
With streams of wit from each luxuriant page,
Thou scorn'st t' ingross thy vein like wretched pelf,
For every good's diffusive of it self;
Thy first fruits do appear to all mens joyes,
Twins at the first production, hopefull boyes:
And though in sense and voyce they don't agree,
*Esau* hath *Jacobs* hands, and smooth as he.
Thy Humane are so pure, so cleanly drest,
Chaste as the cold thoughts of a *Vestall* brest;
Look't the strict abbess on, a blushing Nunne,
Might drop such beades at her devotion.
When I thy Anthems read, each lines a Rise
By which my rapt soule climbes a Paradise;
And sings with Angells Odes it learn't from you,
Closing them with blest Hallelujahs too.
Th' are more than thine! sure some Intelligence
Did both direct thy hand and guide thy sense.
To thoughts above thy reach, but that we know,
Good wits (like Eagles) seldom flagge below.
Let Satyres whet their teeth, and fork their tongue,
Thou hast advantages above their wrong,
Such snakes but hiss, thy babes (like *Hercules*)
Even in the Cradle strangle such as these.

WILL. REVETT.

The

# POEMS.

## *The Centaure.*

MAn or Beaſt, e'n chooſe you whether,
Nature made you both, and neither;
Doubt (in you) might fear to erre
*Inoculated Character*:
My double ſeeing eyes deny,
They through their *Glaſſes multiply*;
Such break the Object into *more*,
But the *ſame ſhape's*, but *Eccho'd* o're,
Thou not to be divided art,
ſhuffled within thy either part.
No mar'l that you in *dealing* ſtick,
When I muſt *Play* you too by *Trick*.
Me thinks thou ſeemſt by *ſwords divorce*,
A *Trooper graffed* on his *Horſe*!
*Turks* that by *Middle diſunite*
Are your Inſtructors to *alight*,
Who uſher to no Woman kind,
But *Ride before*, your *own behind*.
And when you over-ridden ſweat,
Walk (your *own Hoſtler*) down the Heat;
While children like that Fancie ſtride,
You go *on Foot* although you *Ride*.

You were when it the Gods Refin'd,
A piece of *Chaos left behind*;
The *Soule that Body* doth enlive,
Is *Rationably sensitive*;
And 'twas thy Tribe did those beget,
Are *understanding* Horses yet:
Thy Voyce broke from thy Ivory Grate,
A *Neighing*, yet *Articulate*;
And we distinguish the Discourse,
*Banks* Dialoguing with his *Horse*.
I muse the Miscelanie Race
Should you a *Siren Wench* imbrace;
Or Woman should you Court with Arts
Of kindred to your upper Parts,
Thy Love beyond *Platonick* prest
Were meerly *sensuall*, in the rest;
More naturally or inclin'd,
Should you but doat on your own kind;
Th' are *parting* kisses whet you to't,
And you, as 'twere, *take leave* to doo't;
Where what before you sued to winne
The half perswasive waves as sinne.
Who can Reconcile the *Quarrell*
Of those limbs too, to apparrell?
Where a Doublet 's all the suit
Or a saddle Breeches to't;
Which uncondemned, you may slack
Incensed from your Genets Back;
And with it too your own indorse,
As *good* a *way* to *vexe your Horse*:
Me thinks those Hoofs should not be one;
but cleft into *Division*,
That might as they distinctly lay,
The double rather shape betray.
The ornaments of Tayle and Head
Have small allyance in the Thread;
But that the lesse is disapprov'd,

They

They *Kindred* are ſo farre *remov'd*:
The Table needs that muſt ſupply't
To double with thy Appetite,
Where Members ſo Rebellious are;
Still with the Belly vext at Warre:
You drunk at, Stomach Glaſſes ſcant,
When yet that Paunch is flag'd in want;
Your throat the Pipe, but after playes
That to the Ciſtern Drinks conveighs:
What Fleſh the Hands to Mouth preferre,
Got down, is *Thracian* Provender;
Till reconciling Sallades ſent
By interceſſion both content.
Thou 'twixt a Butler plac't and *Groom*,
A *ſtable* and a *Dining room*;
And as thy Hoofs the Pavement beat
This pleads it Legge, that Active Hear;
For Thee thy Cogging Hoſt doth ſpread
Clean *Litter* and a *Feather* bed,
And thou art laid when ſleep intreats,
Half in the *Matt*, half in the *Sheets*.
Thou dream'ſt, wherein all ſhapes do croud;
Phantaſtick off-ſpring of a Cloud.

# ODE

## *Haſtening his Friend into the Countrey.*

(1.)

COme let us down,
Bloat with this ſmoakie Town,
And Broyl'd in Heat,
Of a Tumultuous ſweat.
Why linger we in in courſe Flames, never think,
We can burn Martyrs here, but out and ſtink.

(2.)

Nothing but Noyſe
The ſow'rebreath'd Muskets Voyce.
And with long blaſt
The Trumpet Hoarſe at laſt.
Such ſtill aſcending Volleys thither flye,
They lay up a new thunder in the skye.

(3.)

'Tis Groſs as Day
Seen Complement to ſtay
Black-patches mend,
The Faces we attend.
That are but ſleekt with ſiſe and whited o're,
The Haire and rough-caſt, that was layd before.

(4.)

(4.)

That Cup and then
Wee ſleep, part agen.
A Fire their reignes,
That ~~Heath~~ ſcorched black, our veins;
And our Canary Faces daſht with Wines
Shot through the Windowes, blaze the Tavern Signes.

(5.)

Let us Repaire
To the ſoft winged Ayre,
Which ſpread a ſpace,
Will gently fan the Face;
And wipe with the down penons ſweat away,
Leaving them onely guilded by the Day.

(6.)

Then in ſome Bower
Belyes the Days brighr Hour;
Where Sun hath made
Squeez'd iſſ a Curd of ſhade.
Under a Vocall Roof of Birds weel lye
That ſing's aſleep, and are our Canopy,

(7.)

Or underneath
Wee'l Reſtie Fancie breathe;
That elſe wi l lye
Tipled in Extaſie:
And tune ſome Rhapſodie to their wild notes,
That in the Leavie Belfry Chime their Throates.

(8)

Or Harmleſs ſack,
Drink from the Harveſt Jack,
Will never Fluſh
Our Cheeks with guilty Bluſh.

And view the country Girles turn drie the Hay,
While their jet Eyes, Frowſe it as faſt as They.

(9.)

Glaunces they throw
To *Dick* at the next Mowe.
At night in Flocks
Dream fine things in courſe ſmocks.
And though the Sun looks on their Face too full,
Have skins as white as Milk, and ſoft as Woull.

---

## *To his Honoured Friend*, Col. R. L. *upon his ſecond failing.*

ONe Fault to you is Death agen
A ſuper-errogating ſin,
And I thus fall'n from all Repaire,
Set Raving down by wild deſpaire;
And as the damn'd already do,
Repent my ſins by adding to.

---

## *To a Lady becomming ly reſerved.*

ADmired Pattern of a Modeſt youth,
You muſt not bluſh to look on naked Truth!
A Body ſo C æ'eſtial cannot vexe
Your Virgin-eye, like *Angells* without *Sexe*;
Nor we her Gender (Madam) could divine,
Made her not Virtue (like you) Feminine:
A Filme nere ſo Diaphanous (her Fence)
She forfeits *Eve* like in't her innocence:

The

The Bay ſhould be her Crown, oft wanton groomes
And (Ivie-like) it ſelf her Garment throwes;
But here the ſubtile loome unwinds to ſhew
How I have lov'd, how I have honour'd you.
Think now my Pen (full with the *Delphian*) ſwells;
The ſacred Tunnell conveighs Oracles;
You more than Woman then muſt know, Iv'e ſeen
Thoſe of the Sexe that have but women been;
And handſome too, had Hayre that flowd upon't,
And Tipt with Gold, the ſilver of their Front;
Had Browes well-archt, whoſe Creſcent's, though above
Borrowed their Light from Sun's that under move;
Had Roſie Cheeks, Noſes well poliſht too
That ſmelt not them becauſe they alwayes do,
Had Lips of Cherries, when the Wantons bit
You'd think the Fruit had truly ſuffer'd it,
Had Chinnes that flow'd into a double wave,
And Necks hid not one Beauty in a grave.
As yours, their Breaſts and Hands had ſnow as much,
And like yours too diſſolved with a Touch:
Thus o're them's throwne a Tap'ſtrie rich enough,
Lin'd with *Hipocriſie* of *Darnix ſtuffe*;
And had theſe glorious things but turned been,
Their out-ſides had made better ſoules, than In:
How have I known theſe in a Mimick Pride,
Their Lovers into Sectaries divide;
Of Servants, Gallants, Friends, and thus they do
Make *Loves* Religion *Independent* too:
Theſe I have lik't and envied, thoſe did gain,
Liſping Commands they might have ſpoken plain;
When in new Lines their Faces they drew o're
Me thought they made them better than before:
As they from Poſture into poſture grew,
Their bodies in all *Aretines* they threw,
And what they made me long for, (haſty Elves)
In my default Commit they with Themſelves:
But (Madam) now to you that theſe enhance

VVhoſe weightieſt things about them are their Fans;
VVhen I firſt ſaw you, how me thought *I* ſaw
VVhat prompted me to break all, give me Law;
And as you ſcornd to bow untainted Men,
You look'd me *Wilde* onely to *Tame* agen:
Lions ('tis ſaid) undaunted looks of Man
Humble to fear, if not, a Womans can;
Or what is yet more ſalvage, you might truſt
Arm'd with that Majeſtie, a Satyrs luſt;
Had *Juno* from her Browe thrown ſuch a Raye
*Paris* had dropt the Ball he gave away:
VVhen I apppoacht your Lips with cheekt deſire,
I kiſt a Dialogue of Ice and Fire,
And mine withdrew thence, as if paſſed through
The watry and the fiery Ordeal too,
Or as I'd hung on *Portias* coales, and then
Cool'd my ſalute on her pale mouth agen:
The Phœnix curld her flames ſure in your Breath,
Her aſhes yet flew there, too after Death:
Into a ſeat (when now retyr'd) your eye
Had totterd me with its Artillery;
There I receiv'd its beams, whiles as they play'd
I in a ſheet of Lightning ſat aray'd;
Direr aparrel (had I rav'd) had bin
Than that ſtead *Hercules*, had ſearcht within;
But that my yielding body not denide
To give it way too eaſie for its pride.
Your pitie now call'd in your glorious light
That ſtroke my weak eyes with a ray too bright:
Your voice not humane then, my ear did bruſh:
Muſick in thunder lightned by a bluſh.
New diſ-intranc'd. I in as bad eſtate
To catch the ſound, mak't in articulate;
And loſt your charm of words, incourag'd now
By ſmiles among checks, ſcaterd on your brow,
*I* lockt your hand in mine that ſtrove to ſcape
As I had graſp'd it there onely to rape:

Then

Then had your front known wrinckles that might tell
In a frown had your displeasure spell'e;
Nor can those eyes (have fire enough) it rowl
VVhiter than inside Vellam in a scrowl:
Sooner the feet of Gods, the milk that Paves
The path-way to *Joves* court may throw in waves;
Sooner the fingers, you too roughly lay
Curle *Pelops* shoulder into ruffles may:
This makes me still retaint, my am'rous heat
Had now resolv'd it self in a cold sweat
And made a luk-warm bath, love wanton'd in
Pav'd with the Pliant Marble of your skin;
VVhich fain would cheat the unctcous flood and grieve
It to a shower of Tears as that tooke leave:
At last my joynts fear (though unwilling) spred
which died the Prisoner in a bashful red.
For what it late had sufferd, when you line
VVith it your glove a less unruly shrine
New wonder-strook my reattentive eare
Tries if your words would shun embraces there:
But they fell linkt in such a subtle chain
My sense was fetterd without sense of pain;
(Restraint to violence) the sounds *I* heare
Uninjurr'd pass the dark Cells of the ear:
Though fit to rape your words Zon'd Virgins too
Drop not displaid as other womens do:
In wanton Bed-scenes they had laid before,
And prologu'd waking that sleep acted o're:
Thy breath meandring in a beauteous skie
Scorns the wing'd Archer in those clouds should flie;
His shafts and quiver in their bosoms dipt
VVith liquid Gold were too divinely tipt,
*In* that pure Heaven, for creatures pure as fit
Thy vocal thoughts dance innocent as it,
And raise dispute, how thou canst humane be
Blended with such rayes of Divinitie:
I cannot think thee Angel though as well

My trembling Fingers Tryall'd palpable;
Nor dare I woeman, thou doſt ſo perplexe
My thoughts with Things were never in the Sexe:
Thou *glorious Chaos* then, wherein do lye,
Things mortal mixt with immortalitie;
Yet not that neither, what can I eſpie,
Untun'd in ſuch a perfect Harmonie?
Thus, thus thou Mount'ſt Tranſcendent, and art gone,
Strugling through Nets of Definition.

---

## *A Diall eaten with Antiquity.*

VVAnts Time a ſubject that the envious Elſe
Imployes its Iron Teeth now on *it ſelfe*?
Each Man (*Nyles* Hierglyphick) here allow'th,
Times Serpent winds its Tayle into its Mouth.

---

## *On the old Tombe-keeper that ſheweth the Monuments in Weſtminſter Abby.*

YOu that gave *pence* a piece for't once,
And ſaw a *wonder* thriv'd by *ſtones*,
I'v paid the *ſumme*, diſſol'vd the ſpell,
Have ſeen't, and ſeen no Miracle.
One (as that *Bill* of Fare had fed,
*Suggeſted ſtones* to be made *Bread*)
Makes either *Charity* but one,
Of Him gives *bread*, or gives a *ſtone*;
Whoſe Teeth can make their *Table* meat
Yet grinde *un-blunted* as they eat,
As ev'ry morſel melted one.

By *Transubstantiation.*
His *Rodde* (no Prophets) at descent
Yet *broaches* an old *Monument,*
As from that *aged teares* did burst
*Time* there had *staled* for his Thirst.
But why! me thinks this *walking Sp'rit*
Should *loose* like *others appetite*
At least *Imaginarie* one,
Should fast by *Imitation?*
In place once *Delug'd* with the Seas
Of Grief, he viewes those *Images,*
As *Waters,* from the earth agen,
*Ducaleon* did his *stony Men;*
Or as he (a New *Perseus*) dead
Had *statued* them with *Gorgons* Head,
In *Posture* as they fought, and so
Had left them still a *weapond* Foe:
When in himself he layes up all
A *Monumental Canibal,*
And *Conning* o're the *Inventorie,*
He *re-intombes them,* and their *story;*
A *living-Church-yard,* that oppresst
Gives up his dead too like the *rest,*
*Spues* Carcasses, as he *fore-run*
Graves at the *Resurrection;*
His *belching* Task performed once, then
He licks the *Vomit up agen;*
Thus more than Man's he doth inforce
Upon himself the *Serpents* curse.
*Apple* of *Sodome,* onely *skin,*
Without he is, and *dust* within.
What Hair he doth preserve from loss
*Hangs* on the *Scull* a little *Mosse;*
His *Wrinkles* into Letters run:
And are his own *Inscription.*
My Phansie shapes him now once more
*Created Adam* new flesht o're,

And

And now me thinks the carcasse springs,
*Informed* with the *Ghosts* oth' Kings.
Which bustle there, and thus he is
Lin'd with a *Metempsychosis*;
Bravely *prest fit*, He takes up Roomes,
Like the *Demmiacks* in the Tombes

---

## *His imprisonment in the Spring.*

UNlocked *Ianiver* had now let in
Youth and fair cheeks to beautify the *spring*.
VVhen am'rous *Sol* smiles fetters into teares,
That each chain'd River on her bosome weares.
Rowl'd into Curls in better d esse they passe,
As *I e* had been spread, but their *Looking-glasse*.
And leave their Banks as were *Alpheus* loose,
Again persuing his lov'd *Arethuse*.
VVith Eisshes crown'd, that health to freedom quasse,
VVhere late yor might have *grav'd* their *Epotaph*.
The *sheets* of *snow washt in themselves* awhile,
Poure from the Mountain sides to swell the *Nile*;
VVanton in liberty his surges slide.
O're Sun-burnt *Egypt* as he flowes, 'tis dy'd;
VVho bring wild wealth for Pyramids that rise,
Like temples sent up with their sacrifice.
Earth her contracted Hand too open layes,
To the love-Rhetorick of *Apollo's* Rayes.
He melts it with his kisses, and the skin
VVinter had chopt, he Jellies smooth agen;
He bales her from her Gaole, where frost had once
Immur'd her in the VValls of her own stones:
New dis-intranc'd, she in her uncrampt Arms,
Fruit-getting Rain (that *April* falls in) warmes.

To

To make the Goddesse fertile from his tower,
Jove here descendeth in a fragrant showr.
And ev'ry Plant the longing Head thrusts on,
To free't from's Bed of Generation;
The Poppy's d' of their Velvet Maskes and dare
Now nodde to sleep, hush't by the whispering ayr.
VVak't from their Coffins, Bees with springs recruit.
By Chymick kisses the new flowers salute.
To welcome their approach. Our free bloods ride,
VVinter had conjur'd, and to Circles tyde:
Returning Birds their gratefull *Paans* sing,
For their Repeale to the soft-breasted spring.
VVelcome to all but me, ! VVho joyes the state
That onely sees a Triumph through a Crate?

---

## *On the Burning of some locks of a Gentlewomans Hair.*

MAdam, loves God invisible did lye
Gyv'd in your Tresses, and his Bow layd by;
Vnless as are his hands, and now his fires,
To burn his silken fetters he inspires:
They proud of such a Pyre, Curle high and bright,
And kiss't them with a burning appetite.
Love freed takes wing, and hastes to *Venus* starre,
Mista'es, and flyes back to your flaming Haire;
Shot through the flames, he passes in a trice,
From Purgatory into Paradise;
And vowes henceforth to make that Place his sphere,
From thence to whisper love into your eare.

# *The Daiſie.*

(1)

AS it blowes
The Hood it ſelf unclaſped throwes
In ſhape a ſtarre;
But its Pride
Is to the flower, 't s not deni'd
To be a ſphere.

(2.)

Beauty playes
From of it, eye-diſabling Rayes;
In red and white
That are Parts
Conſtituent to captive Hearts;
Make Faces bright.

(3.)

Bluſhes ſhedde,
As ſhowr's on Virgin ſnow had bledde;
Imbroiderie lyes
Upon leaves,
From which the Morn her dreſs receives,
To gilde the skyes.

(4.)

Nature lent
The Daiſie an imperfect ſcent,
Yet left her Well;
We bequeath
Since to Beauties ſov'raign Breath,
How e're they ſmell.

Adonis

## *Adonis ſlain.*

ALas! thou wert deceiv'd Rude ſwine,
That thought'ſt his *Ivory hard* as *thine*!
So pliant *Venus* joints of *ſilk*,
Oft have *padled* in't as *Milk*,
And her Roſie Palme did *throw*
Aſide the waves that eaſie flow:
Thy Tusk the Calm too *ſhook* ſo ſore
The *Wallowing* Flood did *Circle* ore;
Oh but thy Tooth to *Corall Tippe*
It ſelf (alas) did raſhly *dippe*;
And ope' the ſprings conveigh'd the twigs
There *more* than *Flexible* in *ſprigs*.
That from the Channels *bubling ſwell*,
To brink the *bloody paved* Well.
Like *Rubies* the *warm* ſtreams did ſpill,
*Soft* from the Chimiſts *Crucible*.
Shed to *ſalute* their new ſad bliſſes,
Prankt in the *ſcarlet dye* of kiſſes,
They *ſmooth* and *glutenouſly* move,
Or they had ſurely *mixt above*:
But ſince they could not, *Crawld* abour,
As they would *vein* themſelves *without*;
And ſpread in Branch a *bleeding* Vine,
Whoſe *Sappe* and *Cluſters* too are *Wine*.
*Fragrant Adonis* ſlain that How'r,
Starts an *Extemporary* Flower,

## *Barne-Elmes.*

HE ſure (who phancyed an *Eliſyan* ſhade)
VVas with the Garland crownd that he had made
That bound his browe, illuſtrious in its rayes
And kiſt the lightning blaſtles as the bayes;
Though baffled now his cypreſs, yiewe may fall
And naked here ſtrowe their own Funeral;
Their umbrage mourn too in a ſadder night,
And theſe *Elmes* roof the regions of delight:
No wreath of conqueſt round them need be thrown
Victoriouſly triumphant in their own.
To which we paſs as Vertue for more ſtate
Our eſſence kept intire, and did tranſlate
VVe furrow up no ſtyx but calmely ride,
The ſilver back of a delicious Tide.
VVhoſe watry fleece after each ſtroak doth flit
As if the tangled Oare were caught in it
When now rowl'd o're its dimpled ſmile, we tread
On native carpets to our landing ſpread,
And here we feed with a devouring ſight;
As our return we hindred by the ſlight
Our cheated eyes the diſſie pavement gueſs
Inebriated in its own exceſs;
VVhere the rich Gems of fields their luſtre ſhew
And all the flowers are of an orient hew;
But that the cloſe loom with opinion wars
You'd think the *melted earth reflected ſtars*,
Or that un-hinged Heaven inverted might
Make proud our foot-ſteps pav'd with Globes of light.
The giddy ſenſe turns the gay Firmament
As if with it, it circulary went:
But richer beauty doth theis ſealing lie,

So

So merely theirs, 'tis a deputed skie:
And as *Hyperions* ſon o're curious ſtreams
To prick them in, he needle-points his beams;
Arm weaves in arm, and rancks exactly ſute
As they had danc'd thus to *Amphions* Lute:
Had *Orpheus* fingers trembled here upon
His Lyre, the trees had mov'd in meaſure on.
VVhere the deluded Sun can no where ſhed
He guilds the Covering and his rayes are ſpred
Till by the breath of *Zephyrus* undone,
A breeſe of ſoft-lung'd wind fans in the ſun;
VVhich thus let fall a momentary flaſh,
The ſpangled pluſh doth but retreating daſh:
Birds that pearch here their wilder freedome leeſe
And *Volunteers* are *Caged* in the *Trees*;
Tipling the places harmony, they run,
From their harſh Notes a rich diviſion:
A ſpiced Air with downy boſome glides
And o're the *Foliage* hardly ſinking ſlides.
(VVith apples bluſhe the elme) for their offence
Sure our firſt Parents were exiled hence.

---

## *Vpon a Gentlewoman caught in a ſhower of Haile,*

THe flatteries of an April day
My *Chloe* to a walk betray,
And ſince the ſky no maſk did hide,
Her ſilken clouds are thrown aſide;
The Gilt the Sun throws to repair,
She ſheds the Beams too of her hair.
His Courtſhip cares not to eſcape,
She knowes too young yet for a rape:
His infant rayes he rather tries

From

From the grown Luſtre of her eyes:
Unable ſo too, he doth ſhrowd,
His tender-ey'd Beames in a Cloud.
VVhen at this Buriall of the Sun
The Heav'ns put their mourning on;
Yet to Reta'n his *Murderer*, throw
A Banquet down on her below
Of Candied ſweets, leaſt ſhe away,
Should carry thence what's left of Day.
Or elſe 'twas *Jove* himſelfe did hurle,
Thus ſcatter'd, in a ſhow'r of Pearle.
To court my Nymph, and call'd in Day,
As when he with *Alcmena* lay:
Her burniſht Hayre, her Diadems
Powderd with theſe Orient Gemmes;
When ſheding through the Curles for Dreſſes,
They ſometimes fall her Neck-laces;
Her Veſture they Imbroyder do,
And trickle down for Arm'lets too:
And ſome that would be over-bleſt
Rowle between her either Breſt,
But ſhe heaves up her Boſome there
And ſtops th' Audacious Raviſher,
To let the God know, though in's Trim,
That milky way's not free for Him:
The anger of her eye then f.ares,
Him into penitentiall teares
Now drops thrill'd through her ring'd-hayr laves,
Like ſprings that iſsue out of caves.
And from her Neck (my wonder though)
How *Hayle* ſhould be diſsolv'd in ſnow.

On

## *On the Death of a Canarie Bird, killed with the Fall of a Cage.*

STaye Harmonious ſoule! O ſtay!
That fly'ſt but to *eſcape* away;
Thy upper garment is forgot,
So *Light* (alas!) thou *knoweſt it not*;
Thy ſubtler part unkind in Fate
*Strip'd* the ſubſtantial at the Grate:
Fearleſs of cold, *unfledg'd* it went
O'th' pretty *feathered* Tenement;
That *juſt* the *Confines* on of Death,
VVas but too *Rich* a *Furre* of *Breath*;
Did its part ſo kindly do
VVhile alive, 'twas *tuneſull* too.
As thy Raptures riſe and fall;
We heard them, *ſaw* this *Muſicall*;
That full Delight knew difference,
Not in the *ſubject* but the *ſenſe*:
Our thirſty eares whenever Drye,
Quencht with thy Floods of Harmony;
Hung with ſuch extaſies upon,
Thy Raviſhing Diviſion.
The *Tipled* ſenſe forgot to know,
Whether it *were* pleas'd *or no*:
What that had loſt the eye bereaves
Still as the *green pluſh* boſome heaves;
While it *pants* might ev'ry ſphere
More *kindly Tremble*, Tutor'd here.
Rowled thence the ſugred noate,
*Checkels* in the *Bubling* Throate.
Then doth a *Soule* of ſweetneſs flye,
But left thee ſtill *Plurality*:
But what uſurious Fate could Rappe
The *heav'nly Legion* at a Clappe?

And

And leave thy Carcaſs ſadly throwne,
To Buriall in *miſs it's own?*
Could thy injurious priſon ſlide,
Burthend with Voyce and nought beſide,
That did Heavens motions tell,
Their *Eccho juſt* but *Viſible?*
On horrid *Styx* thou now doſt float
*Pirch'd* on o: *Charons* Oare or Boat;
Tune but thy layes in length hee'l hurle
And in a *Calme flagge* his *black Curle*:
Like *Orpheus* once at Hell, e're long
Strike thy *Redemption* in a ſong:
That then his Cittern farre more clear,
(Alas) will be thy ſtay *I* fear:
Then to the ſhades ſince thou muſt come:
Pirch, and *make* them *Elyſium.*

---

## *To Dr. F. B. on his game at Cheſſe.*

VVE read of Greeks could ten years war define
And draw it's whole deſign in drops of wine;
Could ſhew where *Rhaſus*, where *Uliſſes* lay,
VVho ſtole the Horſe, ne're toucht the Fatall Hay:
This was weak Demonſtration, Sir; but you
Bring us the very ſiege and ſouldiers too.

---

## *Her Suſpicion.*

ANd am I Monſter then? it crept upon,
Me undiſcerned Tranſmutation;
My but Appparell, ere't my thoughts had been

It

It muſt like *Neſſus* ſhirt have eaten in:
Thoughts that lay bluſhing there, and daſht the earth,
Mantled in their own ſcarlet at their Birth;
Rowl'd o're my throat, they from themſelves unſpread,
Then'ts Native tapeſtry a deeper red.
When cloathed with it (in Vocall ſtate they ride)
My ev'ry fleece of breath is Purple dy'd
A bluſh betrayed no guilt, but modeſt fear,
The guilt might be ſuſpected, was not there.)
And thoſe Cameleon-like that after flye,
From what's before them take their Livery:
Thus I'm within one baſhfull flame, without
That ſins dark Lanthorne compaſſes about.
As if repentance with my crimes oppreſt
Juſt ſtrugled out, had ſpilt them on my breaſt.
Should the diffuſive blot all over-run
It onely caſſock't o're Religion.
The Gemm's dark cabinet, or emblem'd in,
The baptiz'd Æthiops unregenerate skinne;
So hid's it's face, when through the Mask of Night,
Heav'n *Argus-ey'd* ſhoot's out it's ſtarry ſight.
Such are your bright bauties, when you hurle,
O're them Eclipſes with a ſullen Curle.
My all was pure within, my breaſt the Grate's,
Ribbe-bound to Nunneries; my heart creates,
Of Virgin-thoughts, that could reſtraint obey,
But to converſe with you, as chaſt as they;
My blood had froſt upon't, that heat repells
And onely ſtrung my veines with Iſicles.
Proab'd through their ev'ry Channell, till I grew
As *Dian's* ſtatue, cold, and as ſtiffe too;
My pulſe a Minute-clock, beat no Alarms,
That my congealed blood to action warmes.
Why were thoſe coy Retreats? I ne're had known,
The horror ſtartled you, had been my own;
Had not your *Chriſtall ſelf* my *Mirror* been
Silver'd with Virgin, Innocence within.

VVhere

Where my fixt eyes playd with ſuch active heat
They weak to Teares, with luſter ſeem'd to ſweat
In their own labour, till the aire affright,
Of mine own image, did invert my ſight;
Turn'd up with pious Hate, if yet perchance,
My heart retain'd a devout ignorance;
Reaſon there rul'd alone, Luſt baniſht thence,
Sure circumfus'd me with the ſoule of ſenſe:
Torment to my chaſt mind! as I had been
A Goat-hayr'd Satyre penanc'd in my skin;
Or what I ſaw as in a Magick Glaſs,
Not my own Figure, but ſome devils was;
His Pride had rais'd again to things divine,
And had poſſeſt you as his glorious ſhrine.
But I blaſpheme! the ſubſtance on them playes,
Falls a dark ſhade perforce upon bright Rayes.
The boy had croſs'd Fate here, no Colours been
Reflected, hence a repercuſſive Twin;
Thus foyle we beams your ſhade what's from us gone,
Makes in the ſhadowes a gradation;
Yet all are ſhadowes ſtill, no fault in us
That ours are *dark* ones, and yours *Glorious*;
No more then was in him, that all things can,
Yet made *you*; and an *Æthiopian*.
But I perchance wrapt in a ſweet ſurpriſe
Your Cheeks to Bluſhes warm'd with burning eyes;
And my luxurious Heart might proudly pant
As my heav'd Boſome then had grown too ſcant.
For Rebell thoughts, or a too unctuous touch,
The Flattery to luſt might hang too much
Upon my glowing fingers, that might be
The fiery trials of your Chaſtity:
No, my hard graſpe, but prov'd your ſinking skin,
So more than ſoft, I thought your ſoul had been
About your body wrapt, it gave ſuch way,
And where I ſomething found, your Body laye:
When I your hand thus felt, 'twas new delight

To

To try your pure transparence with my sight.
Which made it pierce more pointed, that my eye
Prevaild so farre, it did your thoughts descrye;
Hid in your Bosome, and my Heart did beat
To ope' my breast (that suffered your Retreat)
Spread wide, that put together you might spell
Your Beauty, and all there to Miracle.

---

## *An old Woman Weeping.*

CAn those *spent springs* with *Tears* enrich
Their either now despairing *Ditch?*
Like those from Prison got, they slide.
A Vault trills from its weeping side;
The *waters* having fill'd their *Wells*,
Lye there her aged *Spectacles*;
Or as the *Sourses* had *come* on
So farre to *Resurrection*.
To see *above* at this *Retrive*,
Had seen so long through *Perspective*;
Intill *impulsive* drops supplye,
To *swell* them to too *full* an *Eye*;
When falling from the new-heav'd *Pile*
Deliverd th' are into a *Nile*,
More than a *sev'n-Channeld*, where
They trickle, on, as Currents *are*
Stopt sometimes by an o'*re-thwart* Creek,
The Gell'd drops *in-lay* her Cheek:
So chill a *Nenacris*, no place
Could hold it but that hoof her *Face*.

The

NOTE

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## *The Hectors.*

THese are the *Hectors* never known
Until their Troy was overthrown:
VVhen now the merry Greeks define
Their battels not transferib'd in wine.

## *An Epithalamium.*

UP tardy youth! Thy fancy deems
Too solid *antidating* dreams;
And thou *Ixion*-like art proud
In the embraces of a clowd.
Stars the fair regiments of night,
Lay their commissions down of light,
The Rose-dasht Morn doth pompous ride
In the reflexes of the Bride:
See! now the lustie Gallant springs
And through a cloud of pillow flings;
Spruce as the day, a vig'rous He
That rowsing scatters braverie;
Traind with gay lads sprightly flies,
To sing the Brides solemnities;
VVho at the trumps miraculous greet
Starts from her *Virgin-windingsheet*:
And now the twitting wantons neat
VVith busie fingers lay each pleat:
VVhile every pin they tremble on
VVith rapt *Gesticulation*;
And all their bosomes panting look

As if the milky calm were ſhook:
Now they have built her in her trim
That doth with charming motion ſwim,
And were the Eaſt and Weſt unknown,
Fraught with both *Indies* of her own:
See! how in Ring her treſſes play
As they were curl'd in their own ray;
And ſhedding on her skin, the ſhine
Inriching warms the ſilver Mine:
She is advanc'd with pretty fear
To meet her Licenc'd Raviſher,
Who ſtrikes with burning eyes her breſt,
As he had fir'd the ſpicy neſt,
Then by degrees to ſettle ſeeks
By the eſtabliſh'd beautie of her cheeks,
And makes her ſpark more high and quick
With pretious Gemm's of *Rhetorick*.
Now *Hymens* tapers curle, and on
Uſher the bright proceſſion;
And now they near the temple draw,
With one Religious common awe.
The Virgins tread, and Bride anone
A ſo transfigured troop the ſtone,
As if *Tertullians* Angel roof
Thus deſcended from aloof:
The Prieſt's now myſtick words begun
Incorporate the payr in one;
He poaſts by rote, or he might miſs,
That but a *Devout ſeer* is,
Her ſindging eyes ſo deeply win
He's almoſt *Caſſockt* too within.
And now the holy charm is done,
And they to Ceremony one:
Now time is crutch'd, and pieviſh fears
To pleaſe too much in froward years,
The Sons faint ſteeds ſtand (panting) ſtill
With labour of the Eaſtern hill.

His gariſh rayes doe (lazie) fall
Loath'd, as if peſtilential:
The num'rous Iſſue of the hower
But linger, and Conſumptive power
Sure *Sol* hath heard, and laſhes Weſt
(Red with his fiery taske) to reſt:
And now his greater light is out,
Gives the ſtars leave to look about:
The tatling whiſperers undeſcri'd
Have ſtoln away, to bed the Bride,
And all unpinn'd to better dreſs
Her in her Native glorioufneſs,
VVhoſe yet reluxency doth moan
As each knot were her Virgin Zone.
Undone, now tremblingly ſhe greets
New roſing o're the fragrant ſheets.
See! where the groom hath broken in
(VVith veins ſtretch'd they look black agen,
The heightned blood ſhoors their recluſe
In a *long flame* through ev'ry *ſluce*,)
He views with am'rous eyes that glow
As they would melt her heaps of ſnow;
Then drops his clothes about him ſhed
And breaks like lightning through to bed:
See, ſe! her heart doth ſtrugling ſhove,
And *Earth-quakes* the fair *hills* above;
VVhen white and red by flaſhes dwell
As if the *ſilk* were *changeable*:
Go happy friend! and riſle joyes,
Of Virgin treaſure never cloyes;
Still freſh delight will court to bed
As each night were a *Mayden-head*;
So quick thy ſoft embrace will ſink,
That ſhe would into Aire you'd think;
VVere Marble plyant, and could fall
VVith a No almoſt touch at all,
As ſmooth and white ſhe then alone

Liv'

Liv'd in her *Monumental* ſtone.
Rich ſumm's of Girles and Boyes go print
And ne're impoveriſh the *Mint*.

---

## *On the ſight of a Lady, walke-ing in an Evening, in white Sarſnet.*

SO have I ſeen the Queen of night
*Silv'ring* the ſhades with ſtreams of light;
From this fair brow no creſcent ſhone
But from her ſelf her rayes were thrown;
I gues'd her then one that had been
Injoyn'd to weare theſe *robes* for *ſin*;
To whom a *Taper* was deni'd
As what would not *reveal* but *hide*,
Dim'd by her beauties rare *exceſs*
As *greater* lights extinguiſh *leſs*:
But oh! ſhe ſeem'd ſo innocent,
'Twas *ſin* to think ſhe ſhould repent:
She ſpi'd me, then a bluſh ſhe ſhed
Which o're her ſnowie garments ſpred,
Did far excel that which each day
The *morn* caſts through the *milkie* way:
But in revenge of what I did
Her luſtres from mine eyes ſhe hid;
She ſoon withdrew her glorious light,
And then ſhe truely made it night.

## *To his ingenious Friend, Maſter* Maes, *drawing the flowres in their ſucceſsive growth.*

THy predeceſſor, Friend, that trave l'd Greece,
To croud whole Nature in one laboui'd peece,
Read and tooke notes from each ſelecter face,
'Till he compos'd his beauteous common place:
You Limne your *Flora* thus, and from each tribe
The ſcatter'd Goddeſs (Uniform) tranſcribe,
What reconcil'd varitie you bring:
And but one Poſie make of the whole ſpring?
All the tautology of flowrs you ſum
Into a leſs unrul'd Compendium,
And the vaſt civil Law of Nature ſpread
From volume draw to more ſententious head;
'Tis not a ſingle Garden doth appear
But the gay wealth of the tranſplanted year;
'Tis no continued kindred that we ſee
But the ſpruce heire of ev'ry family:
Our eyes not on the ſame dull objects paſs,
Diſtracted through the multiplying glaſs,
But ſtill find new in giddy change that lie
Tippling in ebriated memorie:
No Characters here put together ſpell
The Summer into Noſegay ſyllable,
But an unſhufled line of Letters run
In Alphaberical ſucceſſion,
That to the *Tyro-ſt riſt* tabled lie
Advantage to his Primmer infancie.

The

The gaudy Spring here throws her ward-robe by,
And you may trace her through her Livery,
And finding how each dayes apparell'd thence,
May caſt up too her poſſible expence,
When I ran o're the whole embroidery, all's
A painted Kalender of Feſtivals,
An Arke, where flowers of ev'ry kind conſpire
From the wild floods of winter to retire.
The ſhort and ſweet liv'd ſeaſon thus we ſee
Convey'd by pencil to poſteritie;
And Natures own tranſactions as they fell
Our nephews will read in thy Chroniele:
What a vaſt Blazon's reconcil'd by thee
Digeſted into rule of Heraldrie?
When the firſt parting bud gives it ſelf vent
And opes for breath ev'n ſtifled in the ſcent.
You catch the clean unſulli'd beauty grown
By your rare art the Zanye of its own;
At leaſt from Nature the juſt ſhadows paſs,
As if you Limmb'd them in a Looking-glaſs:
That Artiſt that invited Birds to faſt,
Deluded by his ſpecious repaſt,
Mock'd by the rival ſhades of him of Greece,
Put forth his hand to draw aſide the peece,
And loſt that fame he might have done to you
By hence attempting at a Poſie too:
Where the too forward Prim-Roſe lank and weak,
Faintly declineth the Green-ſickneſs cheek,
The Daiſie here, bleſt country girle doth ſeem
With boſome all of ſtraw-berries and cream,
There gold and Silver-Chalice Lillies dwell,
And the, as precious China-Blew bottle,
The Tulip nigh its tiſſue doth diſplay
A uſeleſs flower, and prodigally gay,
There ſwounding Violets with humble head
And Roſes bluſhing all undreſt and ſpread;
Here painted July-flowers new root do take

And the ſtill drowſie Poppey laſt awake.
Thus friend we ſee the Nymph by your rare power
Eccho to her *Narciſſus*, though a flower.

---

## *The Land-ſchap between two hills.*

PLac'd on yon' fair, though beetle brow
That on the pleaſures frowns below,
Let us with ſprightly phancie thence
Teach the dumb Rhetorick Eloquence;
And leave the Painters Art out-gone
Inliv'ning by tranſcription.
First then obſerve with levell'd ſight
Ariſing to this oppoſite;
As if the wind in billow drave
Here, and had rowld the earth in wave:
The Aſpen and the Bramble heaves
And a white foam froth's in the leaves:
That ſpot beneath, that lies ſo plain
Schorch'd here and there, hath loſt the grain:
As *Sol* there dried the Beams he ſwet
And ſtain'd the graſs-green coverlet;
That Goat the buſhes nigh doth browſe
Seems the un-ravell'd pluſh to frowſe;
And now let fall the eye it ſees
A pretty ſtorm of clowdy trees,
To us ſeem black and full of rain,
As they would ſcatter on the plain:
From hence the hill declineth ſpent,
VVith imperceptible deſcent,
'Till un-awares abroad it flow
Loſt in the deluge ſpreads below.
An Age-bow'd oak doth under-root
As it would proſtrate at it's foot;

Whoſe

Whoſe thrown-out armes in length diſplay
And a fair ſhady carpet lay,
On it a lad in ruſſet coat,
His ſoul melts through the vocal oate;
And near that black eyed Nymph doth draw
As if her eyes hung on the ſtraw:
The ſcrip and leathern Bottle nigh,
(With guardian too *Melampo*) lie:
The flocks are round about them ſpread
In num'rous fleece have clad the Meade;
And now our eyes but weakly ſee
Quite tippled with varietie:
Here the graſs rowls, and hills between
Stud it with little tufts of green:
There in the midſt a tree doth ſtray
Eſcap'd, as it had loſt the way,
And a winding river ſteals
That with it ſelf drunk curling reels,
A cheaper flood than *Tagus* goes
And with diſſolved ſilver flowes.
Some way the field thence ſwells at eaſe
And lifts our ſight up by degrees
To where the ſteep ſide diſſie lies
ſupinely faſt in precipices
Till with the bank oppos'd it lie,
In a proportion'd Harmonie,
As Nature here did ſit and ſing
About the *cradle* of the ſpring

## *A Froſt.*

IS Nature tranc'd? we cannot then
By water fetch her back agen,
Our babes are *Iewes*, or *Pagan*, Ice
*Not Chriſtian's*, or doth *circumciſe*;
The water-men their *Dyal* miſs
That over-ſpred with *Chriſtal* is,
And tydes that underneath it paſs
But *turn* within the *houre-glaſs*:
*Mahomets* Politician able
To make the dry *land* navigable
To render *Rivers* ſo might deal
Here, by no leſs a miracle;
We are (like *Midas*) curſt, and think
To quench our thirſt with *goblet drinke*,
But want his after-priviledge,
His *Tagus* now is *ſolid wedge*,
And Swans above their *Dirges* breath.
The wretched *Helleſpont* doth fear
That it again muſt fetters wear,
And Iſlands with no bounds content
Are with the Sea a continent:
*Then* view the ſhore and underſtand
*There's* nothing loſt, though *writ* in *ſand*,
And the Records as deep remain,
As they would not be ſhaw'd again:
*Tooſe Graudam-bones*, *Deucalion* pos'd
He had not compaſs now diſclos'd,
And ſhe that did the riddle tell
Had thought the task the *Oracle:*
The earth now *cloſe-comparted* all,
but an entire *Mineral*

*Immortal*

*Immortal Bayes* that knew no fall
Are *ſilverd* to their funeral;
And Poets *wreath'd* with *ſuch* as *theſe*
Write their *own Metamorphoſes.*

---

## *Narciſſus.*

SPent with the day to ſtreams the boy retires;
But theſe (Alas,) too fil w'd with liquid fires,
And who did (*Coy*) the *Vacal Nymph* eſcape,
Dies doting on the *Eccho* of his ſhape.

---

## *Lib.* 3. *Ode.* 3.
## Horat.

A juſt man and reſolved the will
Of Citizens commanding ill,
Nor looks of the big Tyrant from's firm minde
Shake, nor the winde:
That chafes rough *Adria* above,
Nor the loud hand of thundring Jove,
If the world ſhatter'd fall,
The ruines ſtrike him fearleſs ſhall,

## *To my honoured Friend, Coll.* Richard Lovelace, *On his second Poems.*

AS in the presence of some Prince, not one,
But rates his bliss, as he is next the throne,
To which he adds not but himself applies
To boast the Kings to him indulgencies:
Thus Sir, (as one you suffer) I appear
Not to give to your fame, but to be near.
How must I then approach? how my self shew,
So just, as that I can be, just to you!
Thou great dispenser of that all we be
Who giv'st us else enough, but to thanke thee
Thou hast our cheaper gratitude out-went
And mak'st us sin in being excellent.
How from thy first chaste flames thou did'st inspire
That earth we fashion'd with *Promethean* fire?
And thine rise no less bright for what they lent
From the Communicative Element:
But the insinuating Rayes derive
Something from us that was not primitive:
Though pure in their own essences they dwell
Not to be mixt with our corruptible;
And should we in our courser matter die
Would rise to their own immortalitie.
But at a kingdomes second birth though ne're
So much devout to the already hire,
A Nation throngs, and doth (suspended) pay
Duty howe're unto the newer day,
Thus from ador'd *Lucasta* we come on
But to bring hither our devotion:

And

And though we crowd with a tumultuous pace,
We have like *Janus* a reſpective face:
Thou that immortal wer't enough before,
Doſt now but ever live, and all this ore;
And art above the Eagle that aſſumes
(By caſting the now aged off) new plumes,
Who doſt thy firſt as vigorous not ſhed,
But when thou would'ſt renew thy pomp doſt ſpread.
Vaſt *Heroe* that wilt not alone not die,
But lay'ſt ſteps to thine immortalitie,
Who doſt in thy applauſive, Giant-wars
From thine own bleſt aſcent invade the Stars;
Thou haſt throughout divided the cleft mount,
And to thine aid with its own ſpire doſt crown't,
Though as thou grow'ſt near heav'n it hangs the while
As in a dear expectance of the pile,
That ſwells no ſacrilegious hight to gain
But doth the weighty machine there ſuſtain.
There then advance thy glory till our ſight
Conceive thee ſome new diſputable light;
That we cannot define from whence it ſtreams
Although we find thee by thy warmth and beams.

---

[ *Ode.*

## *Ode.*

(1.)

AH *Chloris*, see that Virgin bud
That yet did ne'r display,
Untying of the Velvet hood
To let the secret away:
And the rich spirit of perfume,
Will with the Aire dispers'd consume.

(2.)

Haste *Cloris* ore't thy bosome throw
That as the breath would shed,
It there may intercepted blow
Through the fair Lilly bed:
And thence with thy new Odours so
Boldly incorporate may go.

## *A Lady foild.*

YOu that can read a face and by't
(Natures Amanuenses) write,
Can all your subtle Art define
Upon an Heteroclite line;
Here then are some, though fairly wrot,
Which superstitious care did blot;
That who but reads to give may seem
Interpretation, and the dream:
If thus you cannot fate descrie,
Consult it's then Astronomie.

For

For here are ſtars, and thick, as (too)
A reaſonable night can ſhew;
That fixed in that heaven, thence
Derive their light and influence,
Yet in themſelves ſo black they are,
Each ſeems to be a Sun-burn'd ſtar,
Though ſuch a noon about them they
Are dark by cuſtomary day.
Or elſe as at the laſt ſome write,
Stars ſhall not drop, but looſe their light.
So theſe may them relate about,
And are but typically out.
Or placed on a ſphere more bright,
They looſe their own ſubſcribing light:
Behold where the four horſes run,
And coach in mourning of the Sun,
And underneath his ſiſter ſlips
From him in a deriv'd eclipſe!
Sure Juno hath for Argus eyes
(In recompence) made blinde the skies,
Or you as fairly fighted ſee,
And with as many eyes as he,
You that do ſet your ſelf up by,
Your glaſs, your own idolatry.
VVhy ſhould your blinded zeal agen
Againſt the very idol ſin?
VVhy ſhould you ſlur (where ſhe ne'r tript)
Quaint natures own clean manuſcript?
Or are theſe periods to define
Your beauties each ſententious line?
You looſe the life thus, and are made,
Your own but picture, theſe the ſhade.
And ſome that paint, and keep this coyle,
Are downright counterfeits in oyle.
The ſpots (luxuriouſly thick)
You in a myſtick order ſtick.
A meer but taffata in ſtreake,

Cut on the damaſque of your cheek?
Why this induſtrious plaiſtring tell
Of ſores that are inviſible?
He that in his phantaſtick warres,
Was all bemangled with no ſcarres,
Was ſurely to be practic'd on
With ſuch an application:
Can you cure beauty or apply
To feature your Chyrurgery?
But the faire Velam of a front,
That this Religion hath upon't,
Creates in us devoted feares
To the myſterious characters,
This doth the deare Eſcutcheon lye,
Of all the female Heraldrie;
And the great womans honour'd in
Her own now proper Ermin-skin.

---

# De Nymphâ.

*HUjus Nympha Loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis*
*Dormio, dum blandè ſentio murmur aquæ.*
*Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum*
*Rumpere; ſive bibas, ſive lavere, tace.*

## *The Nymph.*

NYmph of this place, guard of the ſacred ſpring,
I ſleep with murmure lull'd of the ſoft Rill:
My reſt, you that the hollow marble ring,
Break not; you whether bathe, or drink, be ſtill.

*SIc Apollo deinde Liber, ſic videtur Ignifer,*
*Ambo ſunt flammis creati, proſatique ex ignibus;*

Ambo

*Ambo de comis calorem, & ambo radios conserunt;*
*Nisi hic rumpit tenebras, hic tenebras pectoris.*

THus Soll, then Bacchus thus the day doth bring,
Both born of flames, and both of fires did spring:
Both in their haire warmth, and both *Lustre* winde;
This breaks the fogs of night, that of the minde.

## Astræa *recall'd.*

THou Daughter of the thunderer, who
First left, the sinfull earth leav'it too,
Smooth now (*Astræa*) thy fell brow
Now gentler, and serener now;
Oh potent maid, all things reduce
Thee now, forthwith, in their just use:
Fit honour now, now parents too,
(Goddesse) your god-head fit, have you,
Now sacred fame thy birth allowes,
From Royal blood, and wealthy house,
In mighty flocks en-rouling thee,
And now that you may dutuous be,
We say, *Astræa* bids that which
Doth please a great man, or a rich.

## *The* Lazar.

OBserve yond thing made up of shreds, that less
Keep in his warmth, then not cloath nakedness,
As from our Sire he had as well, as sin,
The suit had his originally been.
His skin too broke with ulcers, doth confess
A poverty as ragged, as his dress.
And as the body, is the chill soule too,
Oppresst with weather, shot as keenly through.

Phanto-

# PHANTOMACHIA,

## OR

## *The Goblin.*

You that, your dear ſelves to affright,
With loads of ſhackles, ſeare the ſpright;
And that he walks, dare both maintain
At length and looſe too in his chain.
Liſt hither chill, with hayr upright,
To ſuperſtition of a night.
That will your blood make backward Run
In a coy Circulation.
I monſters ſing, more then do lye,
In ſ Heywood's goblin Hierarchy.
And Combats that do far out-do,
The bladders Apuleius blew.
A Souldier that more ſtreightly (one)
Had felt his pinch't-up garr ſon,
In his unreſt of ſearch eſpide,
A houſe luxurioufly wide.
Which yet in a deep ſilence Rude,
Betray'd ſtupendious ſolitude.
The gates ſecure, with plates aſlant,
As plagues had been inhabitant;
And to let in the wholeſome day,
Spread through neglect ſome caſements lay:
He rapt howe're in dear intent
To enter the fair tenement.
Learn that through prodigies there dwell.
It is a very ſhut-up hell;
And that the gates to worſe convay
Pain, than thoſe open night and day.
The Heroe will (however) on,
And exerciſe poſſeſſion;

Frightning

Frightning the countrey at demand,
As if ſome Hercules would ſtand
At entry of the ſhades to fight
Againſt the priviledge of night:
But light and fire laid in, a bed
In a fair (too) proviſion ſpread,
And that the fatal time grew tow'rd,
The ſouldier drawes his ſpell, his ſword;
And wipes it where-ere dew'd, or wet,
With moyſture that the ſcabberd ſwet.
As hell he did intend to tame,
With Paradiſes guardian flame.
At the now Suns declining Ray,
(The dusky Premunire of day)
He comes attended by his one
Servant, to death companion.
And the ſpread portalls all deter,
That gape their either ſepulcher.
The leaves (too) he that after drawes
Seems ſwallowed up within their jaws.
And all good night their valour bid,
As Curtius to his gulph had rid,
Though calm; they yet examine do,
The places ſpatious ſecrets through,
And from their narrow huts diſtreſs,
In a voluptuous Redreſs.
Like birds deliver'd to the ayr,
(Wild) frolique in their young repair.
Will times to one ſlow-ſtealing hand,
From twelve did now divided ſtand.
And now had intermediate gon,
To either houres Religion:
When what I know not, horrors run
Through ſhuddered apprehenſion.
But through the wide Room that diſplayes
(High) the fires chearful flame, they raiſe;
And (round) the ample ſeat hang bright,

With

With the ſpruce taper's ſimpring light;
Then ſtand their doubtfull guard upon,
In fearfull expectation:
When a man's Arm appears aloof
Naked, deliver'd from the roof;
Immeaſurably tott'ring ore
As it would daſh upon the floor,
A 'eg (while they ſuſpended doubt)
Freed from another place kicks out,
Straight all the ſqueeſing members ſhed
And through the room (diſperſed) ſpread,
So drench'd, and all be ſlubbered ore,
VVith the yet freſhly bleeding gore;
As ſome juſt, cruel, ſlaughter ſpent
To rags, had a huge carcaſs rent;
VVhile in the midſt a torn off-head,
(Rough) from the trunck diſsevered
It ſelf doth from the wainſcot free,
Diſpatching into liberty:
That with the neck, (above) cloſe knit,
Doth it to the bruis'd ſhoulders fit:
And then as I ſome ſnake have ſeen,
That peece-meale hath disjoynted been:
And all in parcel ſcatter'd thrown,
Agen howe're together grown:
The members ſo do wrigg'ling nigh
Their ſeparated union tye,
And (ſtrangely creeping up) agree
In a re-orde'rd harmony;
Till a huge ſtatur'd man doth breed,
Ariſing as of *Cadmus* ſeed:
That like the reſt doth armed ſtand,
Shaking a ſword twin'd with the hand;
And (fell) the ſouldier thus beſpoke,
Thou raſhly into this ſeat broke.
Straight againſt me maintain by fight,
Thy fatally uſurped right;
Unleſs perhaps you rather ſhall,

Reſo've an unrevenged fall.
The ſouldier wanted not advice,
Nor courage in thoſe prodigies,
But (with a mind not abſent) drew
And forth (to him that challeng'd) flew
Not with a violence that might,
Betray him to diſorder'd fight.
Nor with a fear that migh diſtract,
And chill him to unſeemly Act;
But (undiſturbed) at poſture lay,
As with a foe in open day.
And now advances, now lets glide
A paſs, and falls in with his ſide:
When fortune ſeem'd to ſmile upon
The ſo induſtrious champion:
For (through his foes torn bowels ſlid)
His ſword up to the hilts he hid,
And then expected that anon,
The fearful bulk to earth ſhould run;
But in an unconcerned ſtate,
He neither ſtaggers in his gate;
Nor doth his blood retyring ſeek,
To (cowardly) deſert his cheek.
Or from the Orifice though wide,
In a luxrious torrent ſlide.
But lay, as at new wounds, in doubt,
Whether they ſhall or no guſh out:
While this the ſouldier lookes upon,
With looſer admiration,
His ready enemy him bor'd,
With his quick-at-advantage ſword;
He yet not thrill'd howe're fell on,
With a no cold ſuggeſtion.
Nor did he through his bowels feel,
The chilly-through-benumming ſteel.
When each had in a two houres fight,
Oft digg'd his foe, farre in the night,

As if at an agreed on word;
Each on the pummell reſts of 's ſword,
And in a neceſsary pauſe,
His ſtreightly pent-up ſpirits drawes.
Both from their foreheads wipe the dew,
As if the truce by purpoſe grew.
Mean while the ſervant trims the light,
Reſol'd in a ſucceſſive fight.
His tyred (or) Maſter to ſupply,
Or his obedient Martyr dye:
And now the Combatants anew
Together (fierce) recruited flew;
The blows are thick redoubled ore
As all a trifle were before.
A ſlaſh't off knee the ſouldier thinks
Under his foe now doubled ſinkes,
And now that he (his ribs beneath)
Doth his begored weapons ſheath;
He piece-meal feels his own decay,
A legge, an arm now lopt away:
And now the head (as ſtrangely ſlunk)
Beleev's diſsever'd from the trunck.
That unremov'd remains upon 't,
As had a German headſ-man don't;
Nor had an any wound beſide,
The yet uninjur'd body try'd:
But the more-labour'd minds intent
The faint-by-degrees ſouldier ſpent:
His blows are with leſs weight laid on,
His ſteps low, languid motion;
His breath's fetch't thick, his face beſpread
All o're with glowing fires red,
there almoſt as it ſupply'd
The bodies, where moyſture dry'd:
When turn'd from's foe himſelf, with's laſt,
Almoſt le ſt ſtrength, hee heedleſs caſt,
As if now given-over dead,

pon the there prepared bed,
nd to his ſervant, all on fire
With the encounters wild deſire,
equeath'd a place wherin to prove,
is (to his deceas'd Maſter) love;
ut here a ſhorter fight's ſucceſs,
oth make the either hazard leſs:
or this ſame Crum collected he,
o terrible his enemy.
mites on the face, that he doth all,
mazed on the pavement fall.
hen to the bed comes and whets on,
o fight the-there-layd champion;
Who with weak voyce commands him thence,
ince after ſuch a times expence
n duell; he cannot afford
ſtrength to raiſe his arm, or ſword,
he other grants him reſt upon
he thus propos'd condition.
hat hee hereafter will forſwear.
hat id'ly ſuperſtitious fear.
nd what e're God ſome old-wives prate
id from his youth inſinuate
o be adot'd, that now his breſt
With better counſell will deteſt.
When now the Heroe, That he firſt
Was ready to endure the worſt.
bove his then-ſtrength, would have roar'd,
nd rais'd now; look't back to his ſword.
he Spectar's empty ſhape did clear,
nd in the Ayre thin'd diſpappear.
he ſouldier ſunk down to repoſe,
ot ('till the day grew old) aroſe,
et rais'd his ſervant that did ſnore
ot yet recover'd from the floore;
ut ſee the miracle that grew!
e not his own attendant knew.

But though by his malignant hue,
He had another taske to doe.
For where the wound receiv'd had been,
It an eclipſe was not a skin;
But (Reconcil'd) the gates they ſtee,
And ſpread them to their liberty.
Then paſt to thoſe that at the cell,
Do wait for their return from hell,
Their eyes upon the ſouldier dwell,
A ſtrangely beleev'd ſpectacle;
VVhen his companion in his face,
Confirmeth the infernal place,
And to the multitude appears,
In countenance their very feares.

*Ex Barclaij.*

*Satyrici parte* 1. *pag.* 36,

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# AN ELEGIE,

## *Sacred to the Memory of my late honoured Friend, Collonel* Richard Lovelace.

PArdon (bleſt ſhade) that I thus croud to be
Among thoſe, ſin unto thy memory;
And that I thine unvalu'd Rel ques ſpread;
And am the firſt that pillages the dead:
Since who would be thy mourner as befits,
But an officious ſacriledge commits.
How my teares ſtrive to do thee fairer right!
And from the Characters divide my ſight.
Untill it (dimmer) a new torrent ſwells,

nd what obſcur'd it falls my ſpectacles.
Let the luxurious flouds (impulſive) riſe
As they would not be wept, but weep the eyes,
The while earth melts, and we above it lye,
But the weak bubbles of Mortality:
Intill our griefes are drawn up by the Sun,
And that (too) drop the exhalation.
How in thy duſt we humble all our pride?
And bring thee a whole people mortifide!
For who expects not death, now thou art gone,
Shewes his low folly, not Religion.
Can the Poetique heaven ſtill hold on
The golden dance when the firſt movers gon?
And the ſnatch'd fires (while circularly hurl'd)
In their ſtrong Rapture glimmer to the world?
And not ſtupendiouſly rather riſe,
The tapers unto theſe Solemnities?
Can the Chords move in tune when thou doſt dye
At once their univerſal Harmony?
But where Apollo's harp (with murmur) laid
Had to the ſtones a melody convay'd;
They by ſome pebble ſummon'd would reply
In loud reſults to every battery;
Thus do we come unto thy marble roome,
To eccho from the muſick of thy tombe.
May we dare ſpeak thee dead, that wouldeſt be
In thy Remove only not ſuch as we?
No wonder the advance is from us hid,
Earth could not lift thee higher then it did!
And thou that did'ſt grow up ſo ever nigh,
Art but now gone, to immortality:
So near to where thou art thou here didſt dwell,
The change to thee is leſs perceptible.
Thy but unably-comprehending clay,
To what could not be circumſcrib'd gave way.
And the more ſpatious tennant to returne,
Crack't (in the two reſtraind eſtate) its urne

That is but left to a *ſucceſſive* truſt,
*The ſoul's firſt buried in the bodies duſt.*
Thou more thy ſelf now thou art leſſe confin'd
Art not concern'd in what is left behind;
VVhile we ſuſtain the loſſe that thou art gone
Un-eſſenc'd in the ſeparation.
And he that weeps thy funerall, in one,
is pious to the widdow'd Nation.
And under what (now) Covert muſt I ſing
Secure as if beneath a cherub's wing:
VVhen thou haſt tane thy flight hence, and art nigh
In place to ſome related Hierarchie,
Where a bright wreath of glories doth but ſet
Upon thy head an equall Coronet;
And thou above our humble converſe gon,
Canſt but be reach'd by contemplation.
Our Lutes (as thine was touch'd) were ycecall by,
And thence receiv'd the ſoules by ſympathy;
That did above the threds inſpiring creep,
And with ſoft whiſpers broke the am'rous ſleep:
VVhich now no more (mov'd with the ſweet ſurpriſe)
Awake into delicious Rapſodies.
But with their ſilent Miſtreſs do comply,
And faſt in undiſturbed ſlumbers lye.
How from thy firſt aſcent thou didſt diſperſe
A bluſhing warmth throughout the univerſe,
VVhile neare the morns Lucaſta's fires did glow,
And to the earth a purer dawn did throw,
VVe never ſaw thee in the Roule of fame
Advancing thy already deathleſs name;
And though it could but be above its fate,
Thou would'ſt however ſuper-errogate.
Now as in Venice when the wanton ſtate,
Before a Spaniard ſpread their crowded plate;
He made it the ſage buſineſs of his eye,
To find the Root of the wilde treaſury.
So learn't from that Exchequer, but the more

T

To rate his Masters vegetable Ore:
Thus when the Greek and Latin Muse we read
As the but cold inscriptions of the dead;
We to advantage then admired thee
Who did'st live on still with thy Poesie:
And in our proud enjoyments, never knew
The end of the unruly wealth that grew.
But now we have the last dear Ingots gain'd.
And the free vein (however rich) is drein'd;
Though what thou hast bequeathed us, no space
Of this worlds span of time shall ere embrace:
But as who sometimes knew not to conclude,
Upon the waters strange vicissitude;
Did to the Ocean himself commit,
That it might comprehend what could not it:
So we in our endeavours must, out-don,
Be swallowed up within thy Helicon.
Thou now art layd up in thy precious Cave,
And from the hollow spaces of thy grave,
We still may mourn in tune, but must alone
Hereafter hope to quaver out a grone;
No more the chirping sonnets with shrill notes
Must henceforth Volley from our trebble throtes.
But each sad accent must be humour'd well,
To the deep solemn Organ of thy Cell.
Why should some rude hand carve thy sacred stone,
And there incise a cheap inscription.
When we can shed the tribute of our tears.
So long till the relenting marble weares:
Which shall such order in their cadence keep.
That they a native Epitaph shall weep;
Untill each Letter spelt distinctly lyes,
Cut by the mystick droppings of our eyes.

D ODE

# ODE

## *To Chloris forſworne.*

(1.)

OFt Cloris perjur'd you have bin,
And ſtill are bright,
However dark within,
With out ſide light;

(2.)

You have forſworne the numbers ore,
Yet no leſs faire
Are (Chloris) then before,
in an one haire.

(3.)

No more, no more, to me proteſt
Your Oathes I know,
If gods take them in jeſt,
I will not ſo

The

## *The Net.*

VVHat ſilkworm hath (unravelled) ſhed
It ſelf in ſnares thus ſubt'ly ſpred,
Where the deluded ſight is taught
To find them but by being caught.
And hands in ſearch that curious be,
Struggle in their captivity:
Obedient to what Lemnian fire,
Followed the finely-ductile wire;
Smaller then Goſsamire, that playes,
Gay in the Sun's yet Eaſtern Rayes:
When the raſh morn hangs looſely dreſt,
The ayre with ſilk ſleav'd from her veſt.
And ev'ry buſh and tree doth tear
From her jag'd Robe the threds they weare:
She that in ſtubborn art durſt ſtrive,
For Giant-like prerogative,
(With heavens incens'd Virago) is
But foyl'd in Metamorphoſis;
And in her taſqu's ſtill ſo devout,
She frets her leſs-lov'd bowels out;
Now by theſe toyles o'recome, may tombe
Her ſelf, (wound up) in her own loom.
Thoſe thin Raw films that (early) lye,
On herbs a dewy tiffany.
Are of a courſer woofe, and ſet
In a leſs quaintly-maſqued Net.
Though beames there tangled in rich draught,
That lick them up, are in them caught;
The hair of virgins big and rude,
Are boyſt'rous in ſimilitude,
And who inviſibles would ſee,

Hence fetches his Hyperbole:
Could the flaw'd ſnares untwiſted fling
To their firſt miracle of ſtring,
The tackle might that veſſel thridde;
A Bee could with her wings have hidde;
How do thoſe groſs-linck't chains diſpleaſe,
That (ſtubborn) can but Collar fleas.
When now a file with neater art
Hath made a gyve for ev'ry part?
The roughly here-alighting flye,
Doth but the furer Captive lye;
Where a light mealy gnat may knit
The giving trammell, lock'd in it;
And pull for freedome, in the gin
You might make up a whiſper in.

*Quod tua mille domus ſolidas habet Alta columnas,*
*Quod tua marmoreo janua poſte nitet.*
*Aurea quod ſummo pendent laquearia tecto,*
*Imum cruſta tegit quod pretioſa locum.*
*Atria quod circa dives tegit omnia cultus,*
*Hoc animos tollit (nempe) Batave tuos.*
*Ædibus in totis gemma licet omnia claudunt*
*Turpe eſt nil Domino, turpius eſſe ſuo.*

## *To* Batavus.

A Thouſand pillars cauſe your houſes hight,
Lift, and your gate with marble poſts is bright;
Becauſe aloofe the Roofes ſhine gilded ore,
And that a pretious cruſt doth pave the flore:
Cauſe all the Courts round with rich ſtuffe are lin'd,
This therefore puffes (Batavus) up your wind.
Though through the houſe gems lock up all foul 'tis,
That nothing than the owner fouler is.

ODE

# ODE.

(1.)

AH *Lyce* did my flames within
Thy bosome glow,
The hills above had long since been,
Without their snow.

(2.)

But unrelenting heaps there lye
That frost doth hold.
And more, then in their livery,
Veines blew, with cold.

(3.)

How (*Lyce*) how thought may it be,
That thy each part
With winter bound, so limber the
Leaves as thou art?

(4.)

Oft when I try if thou art stone
Thinking thee such,
The art of some Pygmalion,
Deceives my touch.

(5)

Then *Lyce* if thou art within
So only coy
Let me what kinde and soft hath been,
Without enjoy.

---

# To his Noble Friend, J. R. The Prison.

HOw a no-prisoner, unconcern'd, and free?
Is the soule bayl'd by its Morality?
And he that's plac'd upon a square content,
Becomes his fetters into ornament;
That him though (all in irons) up you soule,
His body weares them, but as that his soul,
Heroick temper! but of uncouth use,
To one without probation, a Recluse,
When the uneasie prison sets unkind;
And pinches to distress the crouded mind,
That catching at advantage to be free
Is e'n squeez'd out of its mortality:
Thus the poor captive (strugling in his thought)
Pulls to the snare, and is in soul too caught,
And the dark night-piece of his sullen grot,
In adventitious shadow is one blot.
He hugges a hell about him, so more one,
As he contemplates lost fruition,
That a beam cranni'd in doth value want
A coyly superstitious visitant.
To one spells torment from Remissions sent
Revers'd by Hebrew of his discontent.
How doth he weigh his chaines then wildly thinks,

And wire-drawes into thread the maſſie links?
Now pining in their cloſe embrace doth waſte,
As he would vaniſh out of them at laſt.
And darting at his thriſty grates ſmall light:
He only vexes his impriſon'd ſight;
Till the pent wretch abhorring life doth finde
A body more immortall then his mind.
But Sir in you another fate I have,
That cuts me from the humble, and the brave,
For where you mediate, you convert the cauſe,
And we are undiſturb'd, without applauſe,
Since dungeons, are no dungeons, that you ſee,
But more entire retreats to liberty:
And the ſad roofs that gliſten, danck with time,
Seem gilded ore with reconciled ſlime.
While on the pavement we uninjur'd lye,
And the moyſt ſtones ſweat in their agony:
Gyves that enrobe us by your magique lye,
But ſpecious ſly-phantaſtick miſery;
Nay by deluding, we invert their pow'rs,
And are no more their priſoners, but they ours.
As we from tumult but withdrew that thus,
A freedom more it ſelf might viſit us,
And the Reſtraints that we enjoy you by,
But ſhuts us up within a Library.
Where the bleſt friendſhip that you there detaine's,
Makes the rich volumes pris'ners to our chaines.

(5)

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# ODE.

(1.)

COme, come and ſet
Upon my head
That Roſy Coronet,
And let it ſhed,
Untill the beauty of the morn
Be round my temples worne.

(2.)

Then to the brink
That goblet fill,
I'l in the Ocean ſink
So far, untill,
With beames of my emergent face
The weaker dawn I chace.

## *Pentadii.*

*NOn eſt, falleris, hæc beata, non eſt,*
*Quod vos creditis eſſe, vita non eſt,*
*Fulgentes manibus videre gemmas,*
*Aut teſtudineo jacere lecto,*
*Aut plumâ latus abdidiſſe molli,*
*Aut auro bibere, aut cubare cocco,*
*Regales dapibus gravare menſas,*
*Et quicquid lybico ſecatur arvo,*
*Non unâ poſitum tenere cellâ;*

*Sed*

*Sed nullos trepidum timere caſus,*
*Nec vano populi favore tangi,*
*Et ſtricto nihil æſtuare ferro,*
*Hoc quiſquis poterit, licebit*
*Fortunam moveat loco ſuperbus.*

YOu are deceiv'd, the life of bliſs,
That you beleive, this is not, this,
To ſee your hands with jewels ſpred,
Or reſt upon a Tortoyſe bed.
Or in ſoft down to ſink your thigh,
To drink in gold, or ſcarlet lye,
Your board with Royall fare to load,
And what in Lybian fields is mow'd,
Not in one ſtore-houſe to ingroſs:
But (not to trembling) fear a loſs,
Nor change at noyſe of the vain Rout,
Nor ſwet at all at a ſword out;
VVhoever this but can (above)
May fortune from her ſeat remove.

## *To her taxing him for late writing to her.*

THink where you ſee my Rhymes un-even meet
Through fear they crovvd on to out-run the ſheet:
I bring you laſie numbers ſhould have been
Thrown at your feet, when at leſs yeares and ſin;
When my undreſt Muſe had no other fence:
Like *Eve* in *Eden*, but her *Innocence*:
*Adam* leſs baſhfull in theſe firſt of Dayes,
Was in his *Figge-leaves* then, I now in *Bayes*.
The Tree's immortall, and had need be too;

I had not offer'd elſe one ſprig to you;
Writ I on Bark, th' un-paper'd Ancient's Won't,
You'd think my languid lines were *bier'd* upon't:
Like wanton ſinners I have hudled on;
Divineſt things are lateſt thought upon.
But (Madam) all I wrote, ſuppoſe in way
To you the Copy Papers of Eſſay.
Let no ſhee think ſhee's under-rated too,
They muſt be ſtars e're they be foyles to you:
Like the young Eagles, their ſince baſſled Sun,
Your eyes preparative, I arm'd upon;
Thoſe twinn's of light, I doubted to confine,
Loves *Torches* to a *Paper-lanthorne* ſhrine:
Nor had *I* ventur'd yet, but that they ſindge,
Not their uninjur'd Lids but guild the fringe.
You muſt not (bleſt one) my attempt illude
In taking from you by ſimilitude.
We repreſent a Deity, as we
Can haply do it, not as it ſhould be;
Nor your compendious ſweetneſs muſt you gueſs,
My but-enoding Gloſſes have made leſs:
Where matter is ſo full, and ſo perplex't,
The *Comment's* forced to out-ſwell the *Text*.
And ſhould be printed ſmall, had need ſo too
Hundred ſuch owe Birth to a line of you.

---

## *Giganto-Machia.*

THoſe ſonn's that on their Mother ſeal'd the clowds,
As Heyres do Honours on their Parents ſhrowds,
Heapt Hill on Hill to force the proud aſcent,
Untill *Earth* roſe the higheſt *Element*.

*The*

## *The Tooth-ache.*

UN-paſſion'd *Stoicks*, you that ſlight the Rack,
When your each way diſtended ſinews crack;
Whoſe ſtill calm Faces, wrinckles ne're deform,
And no extreme can Ruffle into ſtorme.
Here I'll untune all your ſtill muſick't ſect,
And teach your ſtubborn ſoules a dialect
Of uncouth groanes, and ſighes, that (riſing) pine,
Cloſe pent, and burſt your ſtreight-lac'd diſcipline,
And by an Ache that though you muſt diſdain,
A tooth ſhall with the ſoul poſſeſs of pain.
Shedde through the whole, and yet it's ſubtill ire
Shall lye in ev'ry Cranny too entire;
As were the ſpirit legion in it thus
*Lodg'd ſingularly multitudinous*,
An ache that brings defluctions too of Rhume,
As it without its teares could not conſume;
Strange Trochylus! off-ſpring of thine own Nile
Suckled at teeth ſure of ſome Crocadile!
Thou uncouth favourite of famine fed
As inſects are, that make the Mill their bread,
Thou Labyrinth'ſt a Tooth, and as thou ſeru'ſt,
With a continu'd thred of pain it clu'ſt;
Tippleſt in Marrow, and in thy dire play
Of thouſand wandrings find'ſt or mak'ſt, a way,
Thy ſwatm of torments for the honey ſlings,
Into the fretted Combe only the ſtings,
An Hydra-headed Cerberus with jaws,
There ſurfeited with anguiſh (couchant) gnaws;
Had Pelops Ivory ſhoulder known the gueſt:
His limbs in the Repaire had been unbleſt.

Mart

## *Mart. Lib.* 1. *Epig.* 48.
## To Flaccus.

WHat wench I would, what not? Flaccus you move;
I would not one too easie, nor too coy;
The mean and that between both I approve.
I will not what may vex, nor what may cloy.

## *The mute Dialogue.*

I Saw two Lovers talk, my eye to heare
Depriv'd my Eare.
The man in manners this no silence breakes,
And blushes speakes;
The busie Nymph then (ne're so true before)
Was tongue all o're;
Her eye exhales the vocall blood to spheare,
The Rhetorick there:
Thence showres it out in beames that he may flye
To 's speaking eye.
Love equall their relief sends to both hearts,
Missives on Darts,
Untill a parting sigh, that drew them thence,
Call'd home my sense.

## In Amicitias.

*Vive, & Amicitias omnes cole, verius hoc eſt*
*Quam Regum ſolas effuge amicitias.*
*Eſt mea mors teſtis, major me afflixit amicus,*
*Deſeruitque minor: Turba cavenda ſimul,*
*Nam quicunque pares fuerant fugere fragorem,*
*Nec dum collapſam deſeruere domum.*
*Nunc, & non tantum, Reges fuge (vivere doctus)*
*Uni vive tibi, nam moriere tibi.*

## *Againſt Friendſhips.*

LIve and all friendſhips make, this is more true
Then the alone friendſhips of Kings eſchue.
Witneſs my death, a greater friend me ſtrook,
And (a to be ſhrin'd tribe,) a leſſe forſook;
For my who e're peeres were from the crack ſhrunk,
And did my houſe deſert e're yet it lunk.
And (taught to live) now Kings alone not flye,
Live to your one ſelfe, for you ſo muſt dye.

ODE.

## Ode.

(1)

SEe how thoſe full-ag'd Grapes doe ſtrain
In the deep, Crimſon flood,
Would you not think to breath a vein
Would doe the cluſtres good?
Let's then the rich diſtemper free,
And frolique drink the pluriſie.

(2.)

Until our cheeks as much in grain,
And ſtretch'd as ſleek appear
As if the twice-born God again
Another birth had there:
And when the Vine is drawn off, we
Will our own ſecond Vintage be.

(3.)

## Ode.

### To the Priſoner.

(1.)

THink but the fetters that you wear
A dreſs with your conſent,
And what ſhould wound, will then appear

A wanton

A wanton Ornament;
He that contemns no wretch can be,
Belief creates our misery.

(2.)

Why should you therefore chide your fate
'Cause the coy Prince of day
Vouchsafes not to look through your grate,
Or cast a beam that way,
Rather applaud the Sun that he
Not pryes into calamitie.

(3.)

Then render not your bed of stone
The harder by unrest;
Rocks will not melt to hear you grone
Scorn softens them the best:
And he that can ly still in woe,
Is in a calm, though all winds blow.

---

# A New Years-Gift.

MAy *Fortune* (Madam) Happy too
Be Prodigally just to you.
And crown the Brow that *Nature* gems
In her best *Native Diadems*!
Saw she! she would her-self undoe,
And then expect an Alms from you;
Nay, had she eyes, she would but see
Fondly to part with them, to thee:
A Good year bless you Madam! may,
That *Chimist* that *extracted Day*
From the rude *Chaos*, force too thence
A *Momentanie Quintessence*

To make up yours, 'till it appear,
Throughout but an *Elixir'd year*!
I kept a carefull Vigil (Fayre)
Upon the lagging Nights impayre,
To see the trembling shadowes break,
And with approaching day grow weak,
'Till scatter'd Attom's had undone
Them into Dissolution.
And the Rich Dawne did guilt appear
*In* Blushes of the Virgin-year:
*I* could discerne the *Minute* kiss,
Divided that is past, and this;
When two-fac'd *Janus's* lips could sute
To both of them at once, salute:
That by that *Crisis I* might find
The pulse of Time more free and kind:
Now know the years whole state can tell
What houres shall slip what sickly dwell;
Can sound their subtile Depth e're they
*Long Roapes of sand* that *fathome day*.
And (Madam) *I* pronounce this year,
To you, as that first Moment clear,
That shot a Ray, was early born
To *thread* the *Rubies* of the *Morne*;
A happy chain will thorough play,
Of fine *Enamel'd Night* and *Day*.
Yet when all's done that this can do,
May it give place to better *new*.

---

The

## *The faire Nymph ſcorning a black Boy courting her.*

*Nymph.*

STand off, and let me take the Ayre,
Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fayre.

*Boy.*

My face is ſmoke, thence may be gueſt
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.

*Nymph.*

The flames of love *I* cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hew.

*Boy.*

And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves Taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper,
Whatever mid-night hath been here
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.

*Nymph.*

My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'frayde,
If you ſhould interpoſe your ſhade.

*Boy.*

Our curl'd embraces ſhall delight,
To chequer Limbes with black and white

*Nymph.*

Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſs,
Our Nuptial bed would make a preſs;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'd read a wanton Epigram.

*Boy.*

Yet one thing ſweet-heart let me aske,
Buy me for a new-falſe-mask.

*Nymph.*

Yes, but my bargain muſt be this,
I'l throw my Mask off, when I kiſs.

*Boy.*

Why ſhould my hew thy love impair ?
Let the dark ſhop commend the ware,
Or if thy Love from black forbears,
I'l ſtrive to waſh it off with tears.

*Nymph.*

Spare fruitleſs tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds,
Tears can no more affection win
Than waſh thy Æthiopian skin,

---

## *The Inverſion.*

*Nymph.*

STand off fair Boy, thou wilt affright
My ſolitude with ſudden light.

*Boy.*

My face is light, thence may be gueſt
The truth of ~~thy~~ my tranſparent breſt.

*Nymph.*

*Nymph.*

The truth of Love I cannot view,
For the full luſtre of thy hew.

*Boy.*

The luſtre's ſooner pervious made
Then your impenitrable ſhade;
What-ever Noon, my day doth trim,
Your thick how-ever Miſt may dim.

*Nymph.*

My Miſt would fear to break away,
If you ſhould intermix your ray.

*Boy.*

Our curled embraces ſhall delight
With Limbs to ſhuffle day and night:

*Nymph.*

Thy light my darkneſs make me fear
Our bed a *Chaos* would appear;
And in our ſports did any paſs,
They'd ſee the indigeſted Maſs.

*Boy.*

Yet one thing ſweet-heart let me crave,
Me for a new-falſe mirror have;

*Nymph.*

Yes, but my bargain muſt requeſt,
I throw my glaſs by, when undreſt:

*Boy.*

Why ſhould my hue thee leſs delight,
Let the Star-ſoyles ſet of the night:

Or if thy love from light forbeares,
I'le ſtrive to put it out with teares.

*Nymph.*

Spare fruitleſs teares, ſince thou muſt needs
Still have on thy Transfigur'd weeds,
Teares can no more affection win,
Then over-caſt thy Angell Skin.

---

# ODE.

(1.)

OUr flames that (Chloe) did conſpire
In one faire Pyramid of fire,
So ſubt'ly had together grown
That both and neither were our own;
And 'tis my wonder how you rent,
The Element in the concent.

(2.)

But mine muſt widdowed now burn
While from them yours (re-clining) turn,
Drawn by a more attractive Ray
That carries the ſpread-beames away;
To new embraces where they may
Riſe wanton in their lamſent play.

## *A Prologue to a Play presented by some Gentlemen to a select company of Ladies, on New yeares day last.*

BLess me! A light we look'd not for supplyes,
A *fine Familiar Star-light of bright eyes.*
That dims the Tapers which would else turn blew!
But that you (fair ones!) are *good Angels* too:
You of our Sex and Friends, may thank the slight,
Had it but barely brought you to *this sight*:
A sight, that strooke like lightning. yet I dare
Gather within the *Fires* though *Circular*;
When the spread beams shoot round me from such flames;
That their own Elementall pureness tames;
A cheerful light! not meant to Martyr here,
And into *Scaffold* turne our Theater.
Brisk Mirth to all we hope each *Brow* the while
(Ne're so *severe*) may polish into smile.
Expect not then we so a *passe* can hide,
That you might think it on the other side.
Or fright you into wounds mis-understood,
When the *Tame sponge*, not *weapon*, *sheddes the blood*:
This is stage Pedantry! nor think we can
(*Trimme Players*) quite put off the *Gentleman*;
When each so *genuinely Acts* his *Part*,
As that alone, he hath *Himself by Heart*.

To

## *To his Friend.*

In troth I love the, and I fain would tell,
(But that I love thee more than so) How well.

## *The Syren.*

Strange *Thetis* waves submisly slide
While thou dost thine own *Dolphin* ride,
And still expecting *Peleus* rape,
Art half in thy delusive shape:
Thy upper part imperfect lies
Begot between platonique eyes,
That to whole Act could not be drawn,
But left the rest to sense and spawn,
Who views thee might believe thee well
A miserable spectacle,
Whom first the seas had overpowr'd,
and then some fish had half devour'd,
The shambles reconcil'd, and stall
Thee a mere dispensation call,
Plump Easter, we before thee find,
Drawing an Ember week behind;
Wert thou at once but serv'd up all
To the man-eating Cannibal,
He would admire the uncouth fish,
*In* the varietie of's dish,
For thee may sheets and cloath, be spred,
Divided 'twixt the board and bed,
Thy carnal pleasures are confin'd,
And thou grow'st downward new inclin'd,
That who would ravish finds not what
It is he should devirginate.

In

In thy embrace were chaſte delight,
But for thy hightend appetite,
That the not poſſible elſe Act,
Doth to the ſenſe of thought contract,
And fornication drawn by fires
Of luſt doth riſe to thy deſires.
Ly to thy boſome bedded o're,
And through neglect ſhew ſomething more,
In hope of ſtill ſuch bleſs'd degrees,
I will believe thee all one piece,
Or let ſome happy ſentence ſtick
Thee in the earth half-buried quick;
I will make love to what is left,
And think the reſt as fair bereft.
What great *Apelles* did intend
To draw thus low, what none ſhould end,
And art outdone in bitter hate
Ture'd, what it could not imitate,
When from thy ſtern I lift my ſight
To thy nak'd margent of delight,
Thou ſeem'ſt (in thine own mail beſpred)
A chaſtly lockt up Maiden-head
And as from front I thee purſue,
And to thy navel downward view,
Loſing the track that I was in:
Mine eyes do run thee o're agen.
Oh riſe but from thy watry bed,
Ere thou art half diſcovered
I will believe ſome *Venus* ſtarts,
And ſtill attend thy other parts,
Thoſe liquid roabes from off thee throw,
And out of thine apparel grow,
Then naked to the middle ſlid
Read modeſty for what is hid.
When no curld billows on it frown
Thou lay'ſt thy boſomes panting down
More white and ſoft than *Ledas* ſwan,

On

On the leſs yielding Ocean,
And as thou div'ſt, or leav'ſt the main;
Thine eyes ſet ſtars or riſe again,
He that with wax ſecur'd his ear,
(Alas) but made up half his fear,
From thine harmonious ſurpriſe
That ſeal'd (too) not up his eyes;
When thou doſt with thy treſſes play,
And ſhak'ſt them drie in their own Ray;
On the bright ſcales, the golden ſhowre,
Like Jove deſcends on Danae's Towre;
Or as they cling about thee (wet)
Thou art half caught, in thine own Net.

Fair Iſlander that when you Lave,
Do make a Delos of a wave;
Thou that betwixt the ſea and land,
Doſt equally divided ſtand.
While half upon ſome Rock doth ſleep,
Half keeps poſſeſſion in the deep.
Thou laden Carache that doſt ride,
Halfe ore, and halt beneath the tide.

Thou *Riddle Phancie*, what you pleaſe,
Dragon to *thine Heſperides*.

---

AMARAN-

# AMARANTHA:

NOw radiant *Sol* with flaring Hair
Had guilt the atomes of the air;
And all to earth that his eye sees
Appeared but one *Golden Fleece*;
The Snake un rowl'd in length did fling
Her curiously *enamel'd Ring*;
The Mary-Gold full view did take
Of her gay lover broad awake;
And pitched Birds from spray to spray
Fan with their wings the heat away:
When *Amarantha* too retires
*Faint* with the *dayes* and her *own fires*
To shades the leaves as she drew near,
Shudder with apprehensive fear
As if the Sun that could not win,
Without, upon them, brake within:
Nor would she here a change have known
Inviron'd still with beams her own;
But use made the habitual dress
An unoffensive gloriousness:
She now dispers'd the Clouds about,
And let her stifled shine break out;
Like water spilt the blood did seek
Luxuriously to stain her cheek;
But she corrects with wind o're-shed
The Roses the warm Sun had spred:
When now reclining to her bed
A turf swels pillow to her head,
Where she reposes ease, as
Her cheek salutes the tufted grass:

The whiſpering Foliage conſpires
To huſh aſleep her ſoft deſires;
Her *wing'd Muſicians* fear to bruſh
The trembling leaf with backs of pluſh,
And pow'r but out their melted notes
Long moulded in their Lubrick throats:
When ſleep with looks aſide were thrown
Did *cloſe her Eyes* might *blaſt his own*;
And *I* with furtive ſteps advance
To ſteal the treaſures of a glaunce
VVhere me her lightning flaſht upon
Not arm'd for weak ſucceſſion;
But recollected I inſnare
My Eye-beam's twiſted in her hair
And in the ſubt'ler net by draughts
Snare my imperceptible thoughts.
So fill'md, no momentanie wire
Knits ſo but touch'd nor Goſſimire;
Drawn ſo ſmal one can't expreſs,
(Superlatively numberleſs.)
One hand here richly manackeld
The Glories of the head upheld
While through the curls the fingers play
Pretiouſly ringed in the ray;
And thoſe the bright ſupport had mis'd.
Shed harmleſs Snakes about her wriſt:
Mov'd with wind they (falling deep)
VVith breath enliven'd downward creep
To kiſs the arm, but back they throw
As ſhrunk from the *miſtaken ſnow*:
The reſt were in a glorious brown
Shade about her temples throw'n
On ev'ry ſide as they it hem
They foyl not, that it guilded them,
Her *Cloſed lights* obſerve I did
*Glow* through the thinneſs of the lid,
And modeſt ſhine, that round them lies,

Bluſhing

Blushing their newer fashion'd eyes:
The rayes that fring'd them they dispence,
As emissary beams from thence
Whence oriental stains upon't
*Blazon* with *Pearl* the noble front
That onely else by birth had been
*Escutcheon'd* with the *Argent* skin.
My smacking eyes I now dimiss
That with repeated longings kiss
VVhere a rich Aromatique breath
Through *Lips* of *Coral* issueth:
Her brests my sight next (tempting) win
Might suckle more without than in.
So soft my sense their bliss I barr'd
Least I might *Pit* them, *looking hard*;
Else ever here I could have drein'd:
VVhen now my *Infant* gases *wean'd*
Grew straight up to that hand did slide,
Stretch'd out and pale upon her side
A *still smooth Sea, of Milkie way*:
Whence her *Fingers riv'lets play*;
*Melted Rubies* there do *flow*
Through *Saphyr pipes* in *floods* of *snow*:
VVhen I was busie to re-see
She awak'd and blinded me.

# *CHARLES the Fifth,*
## *Solemnizing his own Funerals.*

THat precipitious Macedonian, who
When he had done, wept he had not to do,
And the bold *Cæsar*, that did come and eye
Some place his necessary victory,
Like snails crept to their conquests, and at death
Left their not tyred fortunes yet in breath,
But wildly pinnacled this Monarch drew
His, whence, her giddy eyes (distracted) view
Their far off safetie, nor durst she be won
To aid him in a yet translation,
That with a holy violence made wars,
Now having conquered men, to conquer stars;
And all his earth and empires trampled on,
Advance him to this new invasion.
Blest humbler of that world thou fettred'st fast,
And then thy self took'st prisoner at the last:
Didst tryumph o're whole Nations first, that done
End'st in thine own proper ovation,
And laden now with spoils and trophys threw'st
Thy self and glorious burden safe reclu'st:
Like those (that featherd above fortunes mock)
Leave tamer use, and live upon the stock;
Or through thy stubborn tasque, now having gon,
Thou gather'st up to repetition
And the huge volume read will startle more
In contemplation then in act before
The prodigies thou didst cast up by guess
Will make thy coward fith compute them less,

And

And yet thou hadst a reach beyond all don
And left'st them with a brave ambition,
Tyr'd with a no resistance thou didst flie
To an unbroke reserve of victory,
Where thy full valour witty in repast
Revels in choicest viands at the last;
And journeying from our tumult thou dost ly
Inn'd half way towards immortalitie,
In thy last progress (too) thou keep'st more state
That send'st thy self, thine harbinger before,
And the pale tyrant wonders how it fals
That thou art left behind thy funerals,
Who in thy passage unto heaven dost die
But thither first on thine own Embassie;
Or not acquainted with the grave before
Those hidden Regions thou dost thus explore
That mean'st a conquest there, so thine own spie,
Thou rid'st but out first on discoverie.

Clear sighted Prince thy piercing eyes could see
The other side of dark mortalitie,
Thou mew'dst but aged pomp, Eagles of kin'
So cast their beak and plumes, and live agen:
That Oriental bird, that in her spice
Burns to the parent Sun a sacrifice,
She in whom all the glorious kindred wombs
That dies at once eternal Hecatombs
Hath yet that small cold interval upon
Her ashes, ushers Resurrection;
But thou liv'st on to see thy self renew,
And passing death thou keepest life in view,
As with it thou in equal state did'st vie
Thou walk'st but hand in hand with destinie;
Strange Eagle (through the whole body spread)
That liv'st on one side, and art one side dead.
Thou torment of *Mezentius* that dost lie
Proportion'd to thine own mortalitie,
Thou hast the grossly unslough'd snake surpass'd,

That liv'ſt in ſubſtance, thy but ſhadow caſt
VVith what unheard of ranſome didſt thou bribe,
The hand of, fate thee barely to tranſcribe,
Courſe lawes of fleſh and blood thou doſt controul,
And art Divine in ſomething more than ſoul;
So the fam'd-tripple-Night begotten Son
VVhom the god parent could not crowd in one,
VVound in that ſhirt would him inglorious tame,
Leapt to his pire, and roabd with milder flame
In his unequal mother onely di'd,
Uninjur'd on his fiers immortal ſide.
Thus wouldſt thou viſit the third Heavens as well
In ſearch, as who was wrapt by miracle,
VVho rein'ſt ſucceſſive time that thou maiſt be
Allide to what thou ſeek'ſt, Æternitie,
One place at once confinement is to thee,
And thou attempteſt at Ubiquitie,
Thus life by thee is reconcil'd become
Contemporarie with privation,
At leaſt thy herſe could not convey to urn
Thy weight bleſt *Heroe* under a return:
And what we thought thy death was but well done
Preludeous mortification.

---

## *Ode.*

## Ode.

### To Celia Blushing.

(1.)

BLess me, it *Celia* did abash,
me to espie,
that lightning flash
From so serene a skie.

(2.)

I cannot that it was the morn
blieve so soon:
cause it was born
At such a poing of noon.

(3.)

Though Lillies in thy breft, as well
smelt too, that grow,
I could not tell
They would in Roses blow.

(4.)

Nor *Celia* could *I* ever see
that snow did flush,
and (modest) free
From it a native blush;

(5.)

Thy bosome often too I might
a milkie say,
but found not by't,
it was a Rosie way.

(6.)

As the pure taint look't through thy skin.
me thought a lawn
had subtly bin
O're cloath of damaſque drawn:

(7.)

Thou wealthy main to which we flie;
where pearls are ſpread
that ſcatter'd lie
Within their Orient bed.

(8.)

Thou doſt appear a Roman gueſt,
while Roſes thrown
(bluſhing) inveſt,
Thee round with ſhowr's, thine own.

(9.)

Thy breaſt beſprinkled with a ſtain,
that ſtill ſhed more
did ſtraight remain
Throughout bepurpled o're.

(10.)

The there concealed fire,
did higher grow,
and warm deſire
Did through thy boſome glow.

(11.)

The ſawcie beautie of the Swan,
black at the root
no bluſhes can
Through the fair feathers ſhoot;

(12.) But

(12.)

But thine a more unſullied down
doth over-run,
the baſhful crown,
To beneath Carnation.

---

## *To Captain* D. L. *on his book of Fortification, and Geometrie.*

AS yet war not arriv'd at after hght
Was all but merely victory, and flight,
And the tough ſouldier (garriſon'd in limb)
Had no retreat of ſtrength to ſhelter him;
But open lay to where you would aſſail,
Not to be reacht through trench, or ſingle mail,
Until it grew an Art and Pallas wove,
Her reconciled garlands from one grove,
That novv the *Heroe* to new task aſſign'd
Not more in body labour'd, than in mind;
VVhile ſtrength and judgement fights, and vvit replies
By counter-ſtratagem, to batteries,
And thus (friend) you commence, that well apply
To the tame practice, the deep theory,
Teaching us how to meaſure and how far,
VVe move proportionably Regular,
How the fields dravvn in myſtick order lie
Spread vvith the lines of ſtreight Geometrie:
As the neat Art vvould into trammel get,
And for the God of vvar make a nevv net.

## *Ode.*

(1.)

PLump father *Bacchus* oh recline
with thy fair cluſters ſpread!
While (Paricides) for love of wine,
we ſhave thy purple head.

(2.)

Stoop with thy precious locks about!
to expiate the ſin
We with vvhat uſeleſs hung vvithout,
vvill vvarm thy head vvithin.

(3.)

If not the triaterique fate
vve vvill invert, and do,
What (drunk) did to the Hymniſt hate
in ſober rage to you.

(4.)

We vvill mad *Thracians* ſcatter thee,
and then at *Heber's* ſhore
Our ſelves the ſubtile Serpents be,
that ſhall lick off the gore.

To

## *To a Lady with black hair.*

THeſe are the dear retreats of night,
Wherein the Lover doth delight,
And hither ſouls departed come
Unto their beſt Elyſium,
Though ſure if Dis theſe groves had got
Jove had not had the better lot:
Thou doſt as it doth round thee flow
In thine own cloud (invelopd') go,
At vvhich *Alpheus* ſtopt in rape,
Had let his *Arethuſe* eſcape,
And it had though in *Juno's* place
(Ixion) mended thine embrace,
I could believe it night as ſoon,
And thou (the Queen of it) the Moon,
And might the rather think it ſo,
Becauſe of the twvin ſtars belovv,
But Light doth there ſuch noon diſplay,
That night but ſeems to mantle day,
As properly I might thee name
Thine own fair picture in a frame,
As the looſe hair diſheveld ſtreams,
Darkneſs it ſelf doth ſhed in beams.
As it late in braids was wound,
And up in cheaper fillets bound,
A prety ſtorm did ſeem to run
About the temples of the Sun
When it unribbond fell again,
Me thought it broke, did ſcatter rain,
While it is curl'd the circles lie
In ſuperſtitious Ebonie,

Which

Which (fearing torment) none transgreſs,
And to be th'ence it is no leſs:
Though from all eyes once that way ſet
Beams run to the attractive Jet.

---

# Ode.

## To *Lycoris*, not to curle her hair.

(1.)

SEt not *Lycoris*, your each treſs
The limit it may not trangreſs,
When you unty
The ſhady ſilk,
Love mantl'd at your breaſt doth ly,
To ſuck the out-ſide milk.

(2.)

Why muſt the then deſcending hair
Back in the baniſh'd curls repair,
That at a touch
Do gather higher,
And ſcarce vouchſafeing you ſo much
Coy from your neck retire.

(3.)

Let them *Lycoris*, ſcatter'd flow
Nets through the milkie ſea below,
Till they have caught
A wealthy frie,
My each inebriated thought,
That there doth tipling lie.

On

## *on* Mr Gambles *compoſing of* Mr Stanleyes *Odes.*

SUre when this Lyre was touch'd, fit words
Did dance in order to the Chords,
And lines in harmony thus ſtrung,
Riſe ſprightly capring on the tongue;
We that but read with hoarſer throates,
Do yet diſturb them into notes.
And who repeates (unwitting) ſings,
As ecchoes break from jingl'd ſtrings.
So Theban walls would ſhaken ſoon,
By Batt'ries totter into tune,
And inſtruments that ſerued ſtand
Sound, ſtruck by an unwilling hand;
So a but peradventure fall
Awakes the ſleeping Harpſycall.
Which ſince the Artiſt ſing'red laſt,
Lay lull'd in its own muſick (faſt)
Here's no diſordring the fair mind,
Unruly matter up to bind;
Untill the too much forced Zones
(Snapt) knot in ſhort Eliſions.
No crouded words in huddle meet,
That ſhuffle on uneven feet,
And ſtrugling labour in their paines,
As if the verſe were pac'd in chaines.
Their very ſyllables as clear,
Paſs'd (as their ayr's now) through the eare;
And he that made the eſsence whole,
Cannot diſtinguiſh which is ſoule.
Where each informes the other they,
So mix in their unbody'd play.

The

## *The Phœnix.*

FAr-east a grove sea-girt is read,
Whence the young day doth blushing spread,
That first the early hoofs sustaines,
When the wet Carre (emergent) raines.
A happy shore, the blest retreat
Where health takes up her wholesome seat,
No cloud above its volume hurles,
And there the weighty fleece uncurles,
But an irriguous fountain laves,
It's vernal face with monethly waves;
That in the middle placed dwe ls,
And with æternall bubling swells:
Till it o're-look the banck, and Rove,
In a wild freedom through the Grove.
Here keeps that bird (too blest y free)
Immortall in mortality.
That lives a pedigree, and dies,
At once some whole posterities,
Who makes time past, and future, one
In reconcil'd complexion;
Who waites upon the parent Sun,
And doth attend his motion.
When the new morn doth chace the night,
With Oriental-damasque light;
He thrice doth taste the spring, and Bath,
Thrice in the sacred fount doth bath.
Then mounts a trees removed space,
That (one) beholdeth the whole place;
And thence with an awaking lay,
Doth serenade the rising day;
When Sols now beams do looser flow,
And noon about his shoulders throw:

Thrice

Thrice doth he c'ap his wings applauſe,
And thrice adoring's Ray doth pauſe.
A bird peer to the gods, that wears,
Time out with his Returning years,
Chief of the woods, dayes prieſt, alone
Privy to ſecrets of the Sun,
Natures beſt Chronicle, time ſpell'd,
Life and Death monaſyllabled.
Not cloy'd with groſs repaſt, but free
To more immortal luxurie;
Whom the Suns purely melting heat,
Doth ſate with a delicious ſweat;
VVho quaffes in-ebriated too,
The liquid ayre's el'xir'd dew:
And feeds with divine Reliſh on,
Rariſi'd exhalation.
A feather'd diadem is ſpread
In golden Rayes about his head,
VVhoſe deeper flames, and beames from them,
Shine through his beaks pellucid gem:
That breaks the duſkie cloudes of night,
And ope's them with ſerener light;
Pluſh that enrobes the back doth lye,
Diſtinguiſh'd with the Crocean dye:
That from above the train doth wreath,
Of purple, tipt with gold beneath.
High on the wings do Rubies glow,
On rows of Emeraulds below.
Bright Sky the mail doth (cloudy) deck
VVith the phantaſtique Pigeons Neck;
And the the thigh-down is ſtained o're,
VVith poyſon of the Tyrian gore:
His legs in golden ſcales are bound,
And feet with bluſhing Roſes crown'd.
A bird that doth no off spring need,
No heire, but doth it ſelf ſucceed;
Beginning where he doth conclude.

In excellent viciſſitude.
Lifes thorough-fare, whoſe ſoul when gon
Returns by tranſmigration.
VVho yields to fate, but to o're-come
In a reviving martyrdome;
Invading death to make him ſo,
Againſt his own black charter go,
For with a thouſand years now pen't
Up in a cloſer Tenement,
And in a dear enlarging care,
About to leave it to Repaire.
He takes flight to this world of fate,
Leaving his *Iſle* too fortunate:
And to that Syria doth fan,
From him that's call'd Phœnicean.
Vhere far remote he doth invade
A ſacred ſolitude of ſhade;
And on a Cedars utmoſt ſpire,
Builds his or either neſt or Pire.
Making his Aromatique bed,
Of all the ſpicery doth ſhed.
O're the Panchaian groves, and Riſe
Glowing Sabæas treaſuries.
And addes to theſe in wealthy ſummes,
The *Indian*, and the Perſick gummes;
Here twigges of frankincenſe upon
The ruddy bark of Cinnamon:
There *Balſamum*, new Odour frees,
Mixt with hot wood of Aloes.
Chaf'd with dry'd Caſia within,
And the warm ſcent of Benjamin:
VVith delicate tears of Amber wet,
And drops that precious *Myrrah* ſwet;
Crown'd with what all their breathing bears
The tops that the young Nard firſt weares;
While in the mid'ſt he plac'd doth ſhed,
The ſpecies round about him ſpred;

And

And moyſt with gummes diſperſed lyes,
To dye in his ſolemnities.
The Sun thus ſeeing him from far,
Making a ſtand, reines in his car;
And thus beſpeaks his charge, O thou
VVhoſe only age deceaſeth now,
To thine own funerall's the heire,
That di'ſt in haſte to thy Repaire,
VVho beyond thy death (alive)
Do'ſt thy triumphed fate ſurvive,
Off (thy but worme now body) throw,
And in diviner figure go,
This ſaid, he (ſcatter'd) doth diſplay
His bright locks, and ſhakes of a Ray,
That ſtrikes with vital flame the urne,
And doth the willing Martyr burn:
VVho as the reeking heat conſumes,
Doth give his ſoul up in perfumes;
VVhile yet it flames doth Nature lye,
Huſh't in a pious agony;
And labours with religious care,
Of looſing its eternal heir;
And Æolus with cavernes bindes,
The backs of the unruly windes:
In fear they ſhould with lungs leſſe pure,
Mix with the ayres clean temp'rature,
Or ſpread clouds that might take away,
The Suns regenerating ray:
Thus in his ſolemn fires he dyes,
And in his quiet aſhes lyes.
VVhen few dividing houres got in
To put a difference between;
VVhoſe ſpace doth intermediate lye
To either lifes vicinity:
But a new warmth of vigor (ſhed)
Doth (through the limbs diſperſed) ſpred;
And a reviving blood doth flow,

And in the veines (new channel'd) go.
The undisturbed dust is stir'd,
And ashes fledg'd new plume the bird;
Untill the Phœnix in a trice
Starts from his faithful bed of spice;
And who but late departed Sire,
Doth rise the off-spring of his Pyre.
Then straight his bust in his new state
Devoutly doth conglomerate,
And (thick) with unguents doth enrobe,
The to be consecrated globe,
Bearing the sacred burthen o're
To the removed Pharian shore.
Birds that his hush attendants flye
(Innumerable) cloud the sky
Yet none of all dare thrust before,
But far behind his flight adore:
Not one makes war, religious awe,
Creates one common peacefull Law.
In Ægypt a tall Fane doth rise,
Famous in the blest sacrifice;
There Altar'd still his parent Urn,
He to the Sun doth (gratefull) burn;
VVhence precious fogs obscure the flore
VVith their incensed breathings o're,
Then mists that to the Nile are broke,
Do from his seven Channells smoke;
And strongly too exhaling come,
As far as to Pelusium:
Making the ayre more health assume,
From the incorporate perfume.
Thrice happy b'rd that liv'st to see
Behind thee thy mortality,
That art so not concern'd in fate
Thine age dyes from thee separate:
At least your funerall's so rife,
You but undress your self of life;

And

nd put again your body on,
By cloathing Reſurrection;
hy glorious links of dayes are mixt,
with a *Memento* ſtill betwixt:
Thou lifes whole ſtory doſt compriſe
nd all thy death's are period-wiſe.

---

## *Lycoris weeping.*

WHen youthfull Aprill half his progreſſe gon,
Had help't the gaudy ſprings embroidries on,
On the ſoft fragrance of a flowrie bed,
I ſaw the faire length of Lycoris ſpred;
Stifling their own, but ſuch new ſweets ſhe lent,
As ſhe but lay there their deputed ſcent:
Or as if heaven thus humbled to the eares
Of the attentive earth would whiſper tears;
For ſhe was weeping-ripe, the drops ſhe ſhed,
(So brightly ſoft) were Chriſtall mellowed.
When as each fell, officious in its birth,
Some new flower ſtarts, and latches it from earth;
Guerdon'd with the rich gem, which there doth lye,
Loves pretious globular Artillery:
'Till when the bowed ſtalk lets it roule on,
I fear'd it gras'd to execution:
But emiſſary beams ſo pointed run,
They ſtrung them up by exhalation.
Till (where the Rayes concentre drawn) they paſs,
Into one piece of liquid burning glaſs;
Before thoſe eyes, illuſtrious then as are
The gilded gellies of a falling ſtar;
So not to be conceal'd, darting out beams,
They Native fire-works burned in their ſtreams.
And now the earth reeking with warmer ſhowres,
Freſh odours riſe up from the chafed flowres.

The

The happy dew a ſhorter progreſs ſeeks
Doth wet the damaſque Roſe leaves of her cheeks;
And ſome to waſh the Lillies idely ran,
Plea to thoſe lav'd the Æthiopian;
That in their either beds diſtinctly lye,
And are both warm'd and water'd by her eye:
Thence on her lips the happy currents flow.
VVhere the drown'd Currall trembles ſoft below.
Now to her ſnowy boſome they are gone,
And ſeem to trickle with addition:
VVhen I retir'd back to her eyes to ſee,
If this were wanton prodigality;
But in thoſe fair lights by ſome ſmarting wounds,
Their griefs ſeem'd carv'd by their own Diamonds.

## *One Enamour'd on a* Black-moor.

VVHat a ſtrange love doth me invade,
VVhoſe fires muſt *cool* in that *dark ſhade*!
Round her ſuch *ſolitudes* are ſeen
As ſhe were all *Retir'd within*,
And did in huſh't up ſilence lye
(*Though ſingle*) a *Conſpiracy*.
How did my paſſion find her out,
That is with *Curtains drawn about?*
(And though her eyes do *cent'nell keep*)
She is all over elſe aſleep;
And I expect when ſhe my ſight,
Should ſtrike with univerſal light.
A ſcarce ſeen thing ſhe glides, were gon
If touch'd, *an Apparition*,
To immortality that dip't
Hath *newly* from her *Lethe ſlipt*.
No feature here we can define

By

By this, or that illustrious line,
Such curiosity is not
Found in an *un-distinguisht blot*:
This beauty puts us from the part
We all have tamely *got by hart*,
Of Roses here there Lillies grow,
Of Saphyre, Corall, Hills of snow:
These *Rivulets* are *all ingrost*,
And all in one *Black Ocean lost*.
The treasures *lock't up* we would get
Within the *Ebon Cabinet*;
And he that *Ravishes must pick*
Open the quaint *Italian Trick*.
She is her *own close mourning in*,
(At Natures charge) a *Cypress skin*.
Our common Parent else to blot,
A moal on the white mold, a spot.
Drope it with her own *Statute Ink*,
And the *new temper'd Clay* did *sink*:
So the fair figure doth remain,
Her ever since *Record in grain*.
Ixion's sometime armfull might
Swell with, perhaps, a *fleece more bright*;
But she as *soft* might be allow'd,
The *goddesse's deputed cloud*;
Though sure from our distinct embrace,
*Centaurs* had been a *dapple Race*.
Thou precious *Night-piece* that art made,
*More valuable* in thy *shade*.
From which when the weak tribe depart,
The skilfull *Master* hugs his art.
Thou dost not to our dear surprise
Thine own *white marble* statue rise;
And yet no more a price dost lack,
Clean built up of the *polish't black*.
Thou *like* no *Pelops* hast supply
Of *an one joynt* by *Ivory*.

But

But art miraculously set,
Together *totally* with *Jet*.
Nor can I count that bosome cheap,
That lyes not a cold winter heap:
Where pillow yet I warmly can,
In *down* of the *contrary swan*;
Let who will wilde enjoyments dream;
And tipple from another stream;
Since he with equall pleasure dwells,
That lyes at these dark fontinells:
These fair, Round, *spheare* contemplate on
So just in the proportion.
And in the *lines* of either breast,
Find the rich *countries of the East*.
They not as in the *milkie* hue,
Are *broke* into *Raw streaks* of *blew*.
But have in the *more-lived* stains,
The *very Violets* of Veins,
They rise the *Double-headed* Hill,
VVhose tops *shade one another still*;
Between them lyes that *spicy Nest*,
That the *last Phœnix scorch'd*, and *blest*.
VVhat fall's from her is rather made
Her own (just) picture, than her shade:
And where she walks the Sun doth hold
Her pourtrai'd in a frame of gold.

---

## *A black Nymph scorning a fair Boy Courting her.*

*Nymph.*

FOnd Boy, thy vain pursuit give o're,
Since I thy shadow go before.

*Boy.*

*Boy.*

h fly not Nymph! we may purſue,
nd ſhadowes overtake like you.

*Nymph.*

paſs howe're in courſe away
he night to thy ſucceeding day.

*Boy.*

night thou art, oh! be not gone,
ill thou have ſtood a triple one:
hough Jove *I* fear, would then invade,
ot his Alcmena, but the ſhade.

*Nymph.*

o ſhould the thunderer embrace,
cloud in his own goddeſs place.

*Boy.*

o let us but commixt a while,
iſtinguiſh one anothers foyl;
hat to advantage we may tell,
ow either beauty doth excel.

*Nymph.*

eed not thy betraying light,
o ſhew how far *I* am from white;
nd to the piece that nature made,
dare be no improving ſhade.

*Boy.*

en my dark Angell, *I* can charm
ee (circled) in mine either arm.

*Nymph.*

e! from thy ſlight embraces broke
ecure *I* vaniſh in my ſmoke.

# *On* Mr. J. H. *His Translation of* Hierocles's *Comment on the golden verses of* Pythagoras.

WHat strange *Idolaters* are these! that knew
So well to write the things we ought to do!
VVere they acquainted with the Lawes (too) Mysts
Though Sybills sometimes were Evangelists!
These are more then mans dictates! is it fit
To think they likewise had their holy writ?
So long they had not in a tongue unknown,
Layn hid, but in a Reverence to their own:
And the prophane half-letter'd durst not trace
VVith their unhalow'd feet, the holy place.
Straight *I* my loose perusall did correct,
And at each pious clause *I* (shudder'd) checkt:
Oft *I* drew back, as *I* had thrust upon,
Awfull (at unawares) *Religion*.
VVhat may our best devotions transfer
Title on thee? sacred interpreter!
VVho dost the Authours sense, so his, Relate
That souls did, as he taught us, transmigrate;
And we that read do hear, but from the *Greek*
A smooth expounding *English* Eccho speak,
In known (though) words the lines (how e're) brought
Do (big) yet labour in their proper worth. (forth
And not at mercy of deluded eyes,
Are still laid up in their own Mysteries:
But thou (still blestly prodigal) dost please
To spread before us thy Hierocles.
VVhere we the secrets of each line espy,
Discovered in a fair *Anatomy*.

C

Of what a treasure thou possest didst dye
Who couldst bequeath this publick legacy;
In which we all are richer, thou dost give,
(In thy providing fate) us rules to live;
And that so slippery soul at last now has
Arrived hither of Pythagoras.
After our Saviours death that we may well,
Consult, there is yet left an Oracle.

---

## A Blush.

MAdam your guilt is too well understood
Writ in, that solemn evidence, your blood;
And in this crimson flood under pretence
Of bashfulness you drown white innocence.
That blush if you originally seek,
Was our first parent's from the Apples cheek:
Then blush, that e're you blush't, I'l think't no stain,
So strait for anger you look pale again.

---

## Tabularium.

*HOc quicunque (viator) legis inscriptum*
*Scias.*
*Sanctissimæ* Thomæ Whitlæi *Memoriæ*
*Esse consecratum.*
*Non tam è Civitate Londinensi, quam è Dei Civitate,*
*Civis optimi.*
*Heù quàm exiguum,*
*(Post & illius quamplurima*
*Nec exigua tamen charitatis officia)*
*Munusculum Charitatis!*

HEre (Reader) lyes a pretious truſt
Of good, and charitable duſt.
This caſquet heavens choyce hath bin,
To treaſure it's diſpencer in.
One who its bleſſings did conveigh
(Through his but Mediate hands) away:
His Alms were 'till want crav'd no more,
And all his ſtock (was) what was o're,
His board ſtood free to entertain
Gueſts, though they could not bid again,
His Neighbours knew him not by ſtrife
And he did uſe not injure life;
And though he could diſtinguiſh well,
He was with care conformable:
So for ſome one amiſs thing don,
Not quarrell'd with Religion.
Now (Reader) go, and taught to live,
Him back (in his example) give.

---

# ODE.

## *The Roſary.*

(1.)

THe early *Morn* (as yet undreſt)
Drew the red Curtains of the Eaſt;
And did betray the bluſhing ſtate,
In which ſhe lay, ſhe thought too late:
Then ſtarts, and Round doth (ſcatter'd) hurl,
Soft, Orientall ſhowres of Pearl.

(2.)

When my *Lycaris* to partake;
Delights that were the firſt awake;

Amid

Amid the walks of Roſes went,
To catch the yet unraviſh't ſcent;
Or (when the ſweet ſouls were bequeath'd)
That new ones might from her be breath'd,

(3.)

The big round dew the Plants that decks,
And loads their with-pride-humbled necks,
Did rather bend them now to greet
With their beſt Ornaments her feet;
And that whoſe duty was not near,
Howe're did fall into a tear.

(4.)

It was the moment when each *Roſe*
(About the fair hair to diſcloſe)
As yet alone in the young dreſs,
Had ſlack'd the green-ſilk Hayr-laces:
And in the new yet freedom lay
Cloſe, unacquainted to diſplay.

(5.)

Here climb'd the *Obeliſque* entire
In a throughout proportion'd ſpire,
There of like figure one Below,
Above did to new beauty blow:
A third the Ayr's each hiſs receives,
Now fully number'd with its leaves,

(6.)

The *Roſary* the *Eaſt* had ſpred,
Now *Roſey* with a double red,
Or equally the flowr's the *Morn*.
And that the *Roſes* did adorn:
That you could not now (whether) know
It dawn'd above, or dawn'd below.

(7.)

The *Rose* and *Morning* do comply
In one delicious harmony,
One is their dew, one is their dress,
And Venus their one Patroness;
One were perhaps their scent if prov'd,
But this breaths nigh, and that remov'd.

(8.)

*Lycoris* now had seen the bud,
First in the *green*, and infant hood,
Then in the child-hood gay, then lye
A fair dishevel'd treasurie:
Whose beauty must with day conclude,
And fall her dear similitude.

---

# ODE.

## *For Winter.*

(1.)

COuld the dead *season* but partake
The lusty spirit of the Vine,
His Chains of Ice he off would shake,
And finde a liberty in wine:
And his cramp-bound-up sinews fit
For limber measures, would unknit.

(2.)

Wine with an active heat would warm,
and creep through ev'ry wither'd vein,
The youth-alone-retriving charm,
To make them plump and rise again.

(3.) And

And chaf'd with wine his head would glow,
And thaw his periwigs of ſnow.

(3.)

Boy let the Health then quick be toſt,
That we may take the liquor up
E're the Anticipating froſt,
Have Alchymis'd it in the cup:
And when we thus well lin'd have bin,
We need no furres but thoſe within.

---

# ODE.

(1.)

THe earth firſt drinks the ſcatter'd rain
Thence ſent to every plant,
As faſt they tipple it again,
And fill the veins that want.

(2.)

The Sea doth drink the condens'd ayr,
The Sun doth drink the main,
The Moon from him drinks to repair,
And fill her horns again.

(3.)

Then let us not alone ſtand out
But with our goblets crown'd,
(Since Nature puts the health about,
Let us maintain the round.

# ODE.

(1.)

HOw Cloris now I pitty thee?
Whom I did late adore,
And I am less thine enemy,
Though I cannot allow
To love thee now,
At half the rate before.

(2.)

Thine eyes have lost their influence,
(not husbanding their Ray)
While like the Sun thou would'st dispence
An undistinguisht shine,
Without design
Lost as it did display.

(3.)

WHen hadst thou shed the golden streamos
Alone but upon me,
The double quiver of thy beams,
Had had in either eye
Artillery,
Now to have pleasur'd thee.

## *A Froſt.*

IS nature tranc'd: we cannot then
By water fetch her back agen,
Our babes are *Jewes*, or *Pagan*, ſee
*Not Chriſten's* or doth *circumciſe*;
The water-men their *Dyall* miſs
That over-ſpred with *Chriſtal* is,
And tydes that underneath it paſs
But *turn* within the *hour-glaſs*:
*Mahomets* Politian able
To make the dry *land* navigable.
To render *Rivers* ſo might deal
Here by no leſſe a miracle;
We are (like *Midas*) curſt, and think
To quench our thirſt with *goblet drink*,
But want his after-priviledge,
His *Tagus* now is *ſolid wedge*,
And Swans above their *Dirges* breath,
That are cut of the half beneath.
The wretched *Heleſpont* doth fear
That it again muſt fetters wear,
And Iſlands with no bounds content
Are with the Sea a continent.
Then view the ſhore and underſtand
There's nothing loſt, though *writ* in *ſand*,
And the Records as deep remain,
As they would not be thaw'd again:
Thoſe *Grandam-bones*, *Deucalion* pos'd,
He had not compaſs'd now (diſcloſ'd;)
And ſhe that did the riddle tell,
Had thought the task the *Oracle*:
The earth now *cloſe-compacted all*,
Is but an entire *Minerall*.
*Immortall Bayes* that knew no fall,
Are *ſilver'd* to their funeral;
And Poets *wreath'd* with *ſuch* as *theſe*,
Write their *own Metamorphoſes*.

## *Anni Tempestates Ovidianæ.*

*VErque novum stabat cinctum florente coronâ*
*Stabat Nuda Æstas, & Spicea serta gerebat;*
*Stabat & Autumnas calcatis sordidus Uvis,*
*Et Glacialis Hyems, canos Hirsuta capillos.*

## *The year.*

TIme that pursues it self so far,
It throwes it self quite Circular,
And then as it had wound in vain.
It springs in length to curle again.
A twelve-moneth-aged Phœnix dyes,
To hatch young immortalities;
And covetous of such repair,
Departs its own apparent heire:
Invading fate on purpose for
To be its own executor,

## *Spring.*

NOw breezes the soft wind doth bring,
To hush asleep the infant Spring.
Which simpring in the Cradle lyes,
So tender that but nipt, it dyes.
While a dispencing warmth doth dresse,

With

With care the first yet nakedneſs:
The Sun puts on his beames by Ice,
And melts the mirror at his Riſe;
Which doth unable under lye,
And waters weak'ned by his eye:
'Till with beblubber'd cheek it flowes,
And (with the forehead knit up) goes.
The mountains warmly clad and trees
Do careleſs ſhed the ſilver fleece,
And wak'ned earth above doth peep,
The ſheet that hid her o're, aſleep.
Where long repoſe and balmy heat,
Had laid her in a breathing ſweat.
And now the ſoule ſtrait-lac'd of growth
Struggles; and for enlargement throw'th;
And in the early buds that ſprout,
Shoots an impulſive tenant out.
Birds on the callow ſprigs that ſtir,
(Cloſe) ſhudder in the native fur;
And Rath fore-runnners Chill appear,
In the bleak morning of the year:
The fragrant Rain the poi'd earth ſwills,
Lukewarm from heavens Alymbeck ſpils.
Now the firſt bluſh begins to break,
And Roſes kindly ſtaine the cheek
Of the young Spring, that by the Sun,
Is vex'd into Vermilion:
Who chaſes her reeking in her ſpice,
Begetting his own ſacrifice;
Till earth returning thanks in place,
(Supinely) breathes in heavens face:
A breath that through the concave meets,
And makes it but one box of ſweets;
As ayre were gone and voidneſſe bar'd,
By the ſoft *lungs* of bruiſed Nard.
Thus paſſing on doth diſappear,
The firſt gay Pageant of the year.

## Summer.

NOw all the Damaſque pride is ſhed,
To yellow chang'd, or ſwarthy red,
Such as doth ſetled ſwell to ſleek,
The nigh ſleep-ſtrangled Poppies cheek,
A ſportive wind with whiſtling note,
Doth early tune the ſtanding Oate,
And all the fields are gilt about;
As the rich-bowel'd earth burſt out,
Each gale doth o're them gliding ſweep,
(Bearing along) ſpreads the bright heap,
And ſhews it burniſh'd to the Sun,
Dazled in Repercuſſion.
Where Ceres thus triumphant rides,
New graine along the furrowes ſlides,
As her rich Carre did ſcatter ſtreames,
And the dark earth dawn'd in the beames.
Untill a more illuſtrious day's,
Shot in innumerable Rayes;
That from obſcurer Cavernes borne,
Irradiate a Noon of Corn:
Luſtre alone doth not decline,
But ſtarts in vegetable ſhine.
And equally the ayre doth glow
Warm'd from above, and from below.
A lazie heat doth from them reek,
Diſtill the Roſes of each cheek.
Untill the vexed bluſh is pin'd,
And weather'd paleneſs left behind;
Each Virgins boſome ſeems to flow,
In the then newly melted ſnow.
The votary no longer nice,

Thawes

Thaws in her ſuperſtitious ice;
Such flames now from the dog are thrown,
His ſhaking ſides pant in their own.
Afflicted Valleys cranny'd lye,
And let into deep hell the skye.
Our common mother Reſtleſs pines,
And (hid) ſhrinks from her molten mines:
The thund'rer ſeems to dart upon
Some new, but raſher Phaeton.
The rifled treaſury Convey'd,
From off the field in bank is layd.
And the cloſe Granaries are bright,
In ſheaves that chace away their night:
Untill they all Refulgent may,
Reſemble thoſe that ſtable day.
Thus doth the jolly pomp begin,
Out-worne to hide it ſelf within.

## *Autumne.*

AND fruit-oppreſsed Autume now,
Beneath his wealthy load doth bow,
WHile from his labour-fainting ſides
A precious ſweat of Amber ſlides,
Apples that round his temples play,
(Like Tantalus his) dance away;
WHen he his laden head doth move,
The ſtubborn branches lift above;
The courſe-clad Ruſſeting, the green,
Harvie, and purple-robed Queen:
As all were beautifully ſet,
But gems within his Coronet,
That ſparkle his large front upon
Like a ſhot conſtellation;

As *Ariadne* had let fall
Her ſtars to crown the god withall.
From fruits a Ruddineſs doth flow,
And all the trees with ſcarlet glow;
So the bold Sun with frequent glance
Hath look'd them out of Countenance.
The parched earth doth cheaper ſhow,
*Lyes* from her mantle ſtrip't below;
As if attractive heat thus high,
Had drawn up her embroiderie,
And now the mellow fruits not want,
The price of an Heſperian plant:
That valu'd cannot theſe our-do,
VVhoſe very leaves are golden too.
The full ag'd grape deep colour'd o're,
As it now ſtruggl'd in its gore,
Yet with a thirſt inſatiate dreines,
From its luxuriating veines:
'Till with it's own exhauſted wines,
(Heavie) the feeble neck declines;
And now the blood-ſwolne Deitie
Grown black, in his rich plurifie,
Bleeds in the preſſe, until he fre's,
A luſcious vintage of Diſeaſe.

## *Winter.*

OLd VVinter now himſelf beſtirres,
And gathers up within his furres.
The trees aſide their garments throw,
To ſhift themſelves in ſhirts of ſnow:
And the laſt beames the Sun doth fling,
Waſh'd in his moyſt robes (flaking) ſing;
VVhich after him (beſet) doth trayle,

VVith

With Diamond-Ice, and ropes of Haile,
Whose ground not of an humbler coast,
(A glittering cloth of silver frost)
The strutting plate and stones uphold
Stiff, and inestimably, cold,
That (bustling) out of lankness throws,
And but in-sinuous Volume flows,
Where he the stubborn traine doth stem
Earth (crusty) crumbles at the hem;
And as it sweeps o're looser flakes
It bears along dislodged cakes,
The tenant-birds with Summer gon,
Her pack't up ward-robe wait upon,
That paid a Rent to every tree
From their melodious treasurie,
And snow succeeds, that seems a Down.
They left in satisfaction, flown,
And now appears our silent skie
An undiscover'd volary,
The softer birds not venture on
(Inhabitable Region.)
And Foule, but wing'd of hoarser throats
(Natives) not civiliz'd to notes,
Unlike those, mounting the young skie,
That soul'd the vault with harmonie,
And swell'd with Rapsodies our ears
Like some subordinated sphears.
Coldness doth so the Globe possess
It fills in abstract emptiness,
And hath it self so far ourwent,
It ceases to be accident.
Such frozen blood our veins doth fill
The branches spred distinctly chill,
And Sickles proportion'dly
Proab'd, through their whole Anatomy,
The blew lines proper yet are laid,
On the now-marble-bosom'd maid;

And we are candied o're by this
Half in our metamorphosis.
The bark let's in the weather through't,
And growth keeps warm it self at root.
Rivers that chide upon their shelves
Caught, are made fetters for themselves:
Where (deep) they purle a cream doth fling
In cold excess their covering;
Till Spring with beams that suppling rain,
Chat'd Nature brings to life again.

## *The Corollarie.*

WEak counterfeits thus Winter wears
The Spring resolves to their first tears,
And fetching short her breath of flowres
She sinks in the hot Summer howres,
Faint Summer dull'd with Autumne nigh
Indulges her own Lethargy,
And Autumne Winter cools upon
Struck in's Refrigeration.
Thus they in restless motion reel
Spoakes of the years perpetual wheel.

*FINIS.*

# POEMS DIVINE.

BY

*ELDRED REVET*

*Gent.*

---

*Qui recto Cœlum vultu petis, Exerisque Frontem,*
*In sublime feras animum quoque.*
Boëth. de con. Ph. li. 5.

---

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LONDON,

*Anno Dom.* 1657.

# POEMS DIVINE.

## John, *lying on the Bosome of our Saviour.*

(1.)

SEE where the lov'd Disciple lies,
*Pillow'd* with *softness* of the *skies*:
From above the while there streams,
A *glorious* Canopy of *Beams*.

(2.)

When his eyes would *up-ward* peep,
Th' are with *lustre* laid *asleep*;
His Head inebriated gay's
On's *Bolster feathered* with *Rayes*.

(3.)

Such splendors from the pillow pow'r,
The *Hair* is all a *Golden shower*;
As if the ravisht *Thoughts*, now not
To be conceal'd, *themselves thus shut*.

(4.)

See! how he passes not undone
Like *Enoch* in's *Translation*
To a *Bosome* that bedarks
That of the blessed *Patriarchs*.

---

## Hesekiah *his Recoverie.*

THe Sunne goes backward. *Judah's* King hath ease
His Life's the surer now by *ten Degrees.*

---

## *The Aethiopian Baptized,*

WHat *Stars* are those of *Orient* light
Tremble on the *Brow* of *Night*?
And their *daring* Beams display
*Rival* Glories with the day?
That baffle *Time*, *out-stare* the *Sun*,
Scorn to wait *Succession*;
No, 'tis an *Æthiop div'd* these streams
Rich in *spoils* of *Ransack't* Gem's;
*New-risen* from the *Chrystal Bed*,
All in *Pearls aparalled*;
What of *Night's* about his skin,
*Skreens*, like that too, *Day within.*

*Christ*

# *Christ washing* Judas *his feet.*

(1.)

WAter the Virtue of those hands
A *Chrystal Heav'n* yet sustains;
*Beautie* on *Juda's* feet *disbands*
Might *wash* an *Æthiop* as it rains.

(2.)

A *Virgin* spring so have I seen
Through *Marble* Channels coo conveigh'd
After the Pride it wantons in,
To filth-corrupted *sinkes betray'd*

*Low* as his *cursed feet*, (Lord) as thou bend'st
Me thinks to *Hell* thou e're thy death descend'st.

## *A penitential Hymne.*

IF I be white within
Lord! 'tis but with the *Leprosie* of sin,
The *Furre* a deep-*staind'd scarlet* blushes o're
The *Robe* that *Pilate* wore:
Nor did he me out-doe,
That *Crucifie* thee too.
Lord! Let thy Rosie torrent flow,
Whose richer tincture may
Pale into snow
The courser die and kindly beauty lay:
But first, Oh! squeeze mine eyes, till all appears
For thy pure blood a Channel spung'd with tears,
Oh let the drops distill
Till they have *drown'd this little World of ill.*

## Marie *her ointment.*

*Anointed* God who was before,
*Mary* anoints her *Saviour*;
Her Alabaster-box doth shed
The liquid Narde on's sacred head;
Where when it trickles down upon't
It *sweats* upon his *Marble* Front;
O're's hair it spreads the unctious flood,
To arm't 'gainst *after-rain* of blood;
As all those little channels pow'r
It seems *dispersed* in a *show'r*;

What

What fall's on his Necks whiter skin
Is Alabaſter'd up ga n;
The od'rous breath, though with perfume
Not *ſtifled there* doth fill the room:
From this more glorious *Phœnix* flie
Such ſpices that prepares to *die*;
She then at's feet her-ſelf doth throw
*Deſcending* yet to *Heav'n*, ſo;
When from her eyes ſhe ſcatters ſtreams
To *pay* the *cuſtome* of thoſe gems:
The *ſparkes* a richer *luſtre* meet
Set on his *white enameld* feet,
Which (trembling yet) the torrent bears
In one continu'd Flood of tears.
Her hair now from her bended head
A *Towel* falls *diſheveld*;
That's o're thoſe *ſilver columns* row'ld
Like a well-falling *Curle* of *Gold*:
Thoſe *Rayes* upon his feet thus run
Dry them by *Exhalation*:
And drink a *Richer dew* from thence,
Then her *well-powred* forth *expence*.

---

## Judgement.

# *Judgement*

LOrd! at Convulsions *Earth* shall shake
Our little *parcels* quake;
When the *Glory* of thy *Ray*
Shall chase the *Heavens* away:
And put the Crowded Stars to rout
Which at that day shall *drop Thrust* out;
*Then* in a fiery Deluge pow'r
That earth must, and her filth devour,
And from their place
Shot *Eilyard* o're it's sinful face;
And the fair Vellam of the skies too rowle
Snatch'd into scrowle:
The *Mountains* then should o're us turn,
Will *Ætna's burn*,
And the splinted Rocks then flie
*Counter-Thunder* with the skie,
Now the long sleep shall Death forsake,
*Graves yawning wake*,
Then Mercy Lord! we sink beneath thine Ire,
Nor dare we stand this *Trial* of thy *Fire*.

All

*Confessi n* by ingenious *Penitence*,
And holds ope hels dark *jaws*, that we below
May see what *Sea's* of *liquid* Fire there flow,
That curle in Billow's still, and roar in night
*Never extinguisht, ever without Light.*
This we *unshudered* hear
Though they are brought *so near*
The Flames *Flash* to *our Ear*,
Then let him throw
Us *Rowl'd* in *Vedds* of *Snow*,
And *manacle* us thrice:
In *Chains* of *Ice*,
The *Blood* ne're *Thrill's*,
Nor one *Hot-Lust-inflamed* vein *lest fils.*
We hear of *Snakes*, *Aspes*, and put o're their *sting*,
*Eat Poyson* too like *Nightingales* and *sing*:
But Lord! in *Floods* of *Tears* here *wash* my soul
Least *there I rowle.*

---

# ZACHEUS *called.*

SEE! how the wittie *dwarf* hath cheated Them
*Shot up* in *Stratagem*;
That run tumultuously and *Throng*
Themselves from that for which they long
With what industrious strife
He now assayles
The *Tree of Life?*
And beats the rough bark with his Nayles?
His labour here finds a Repair,
His *Prospect's faire.*
But now thou must again descend, for thee.
Was there no way to Heav'n, but *o're this Tree?*
It was the most direct; Thou wert not out
*Zacheus* seeking thy *blest home about.*

# CÆSARS *Tribute.*

IF th' *Image* ſpeak, the Owner here's the Odds,
The *Silvers Cæſars Coyn*, and *Cæſars* Gods.

# *Chriſt and his Diſciples in the Storm.*

(1.)

HOw prowdly *curl'd* the Billows come
*Powderd* with *Foam*,
Sea-Courtiers, that like *Sampſon* weare,
*Strength* in their *hair* :
*Winds* their Imperious *dreſſers* ſling
Their fetterd *Pride* in every *Ring*.

(2.)

But whither rowle theſe Gyant ſon's
Of waves on their own *Pelions ?*
A God invading *Element*,
By *Preſident*
The Monſters in her *Womb* did move,
Are *ſpawn'd above*.

(3.)

Now, now they *laſh* the Veſſels ſides,

Where Heav'n *rides*
To *drive* on Rocks, secure in *the*
Salvation.
When now a bubbles archt ascent
Seems vaulted ore its *Monument*

(4.)

Great *Neptune* in't! what need pale fear,
The wat'ry Cav'es a shelter here,
And in oftenous fowlds would swim
Pillow to him;
Or as he sleeps, but over-ly
His Canopy.

(5.)

Each crisped fleece the Former rides
That from it slides
*Ambitious* then to get *before*
Throwes it selfe're,
When a tenth wave insulting ly'th,
And falls to *Heav'ns High-Priest* a *Tythe*:

(6.)

Him, now's Disciples wake, who blames
Their coward faith first, and then tames
The winds, that at his word retire,
And hush their ire:
The Billows their rude Effence too
Becalm'd, undo.

*Death*

# Death.

DEath, thou were once a fearful thing,
And hadſt a ſting;
That now thou canſt not uſe, or if thou do
Thou ſhed'ſt a Curing Honey too,
We ſometimes paſs'd thee black enough in ſin
To places where we ſcorch'd agen:
Thy dark and narrow Entrie is
Now but the *Thorough-fair* of bliſs,
And we upon thee look as we
VVould on thy *fairly limn'd Anatomie.*

# Our Saviour cradled in the Manger.

SEE! where the King of Glory lies
*Inn'd* after paſſage from the Skies!
Having left his *ſparkling Throne*
*To* ſparckle in a viler *one*!
What linnen Clouds his head, o're-run,
As they could *Biggon* up the *Sun*!
With rowles his limbs are ſwath'd about,
*To* keep the Rayes from breaking out;
But luſtre un-controll'd ſo ſtreams,
He's double-mantled in his beams;
His Eyes the humble Roof (too) line
Guilt with the riches of their ſhine;
As if Heaven did here retire,
With all its *Regiments* of *fire.*

To baffle in a glorious dreſs
The pride of *Herods* Pallaces;
This Weſtern-ſtable that out-vies
Where the ſun's Carre *un-harnaſs'd lies,*

---

## Adam, *hiding himſelf among the Trees of the Garden.*

WHy doſt thou *Adam*, hide thee ore and ore?
That wer't in *Fig-leaves hidde* too much before:
That Innocence thou with the *Fruit* didſt leſe?
Can'ſt thou recover in the *Leaves* and *Trees*?
That Dreſs doth round thee *treacherouſly* fall
*Thy ſin ſticks cloſe* (poor *Adam*) that is all.

---

## *Jeſus wept.*

(1.)

WHat mean thoſe *weaker* ſtreams
Shed from ſuch *Eagle-eyes*?
What bright *Sun Duels* beams
And their Glory thus *out-vies?*
Such luſtres are about them thrown.
They ſurely *water in their own.*

(2.) This

(2.)

This *vaſter Ball*
Who made and wrought
And graſps it all
Compos'd of nought.
*The fulneſs* of *all Joy* now too
Creates new *little Worlds of woe.*

(3.)

Or He, *the firſt of Dayes,*
Doth now *ante-date the laſt* ;
Theſe are not tears, but Rayes,
Stars thus *ſhot* thoſe *Heavens taſt* :
No marvel they were *ſhed* upon
Thy *Laz'rus reſurrection.*

---

## *The Water made Wine.*

A *Fire-got Bacchus, Ethnicks* onely knew,
But here he is begot of *Water* too.

# *Our Saviour ſcourged, cloathed with Purple, Crowned with Thorns.*

(1)

JEſu! Can thoſe ſcourges curle
Round thee their *inamurd* knots?
And their ſad *Enamel* hurle
Kiſſes like *Iskariots?*

(2.)

Once thou raught'ſt thou were the *way*
Then thou were a *Milkie* one;
Now a *Cream* of *blood* they lay
Through a *red-Sea* we muſt on.

(3.)

Why this *robe* about thee thrown?
Canſt more *Princely* (Lord!) be dreſt?
Richer *Purples* of thine *own*
Too too coſtly *line* this veſt.

(4.)

*That ſharp Crown* that by thee worn's
Sadly Emblemes there not do
*Lillies* onely among thorns,
*Lillies* grow and *Roſe*, too.

(5.) H:

(5.)

He the *Spicknards* waſte could plead
Thought not (Lord!) of this expence;
*Every* moiſt hair on thy head
Drops the world a ranſome thence.

(6.)

Precious *coral-Beads*! that run
Strung upon the *ſilken* thread
Till they wanting faſt'ning on,
*Scatterd'd fall by new ones ſtaid.*

---

# Lazarus *raiſed by our Saviour after foure dayes lying in the Grave.*

DEath! alas where is thy *ſting?*
Thy mortall once *invenoming?*
Thy *weakneſs ſee*
*Puling Anatomy.*
That o're this vanquiſht corps didſt rowl
And *breath'dſt* upon
It thy *ſhort fetcht corruption?*
Till thy dull weight *ſqueez'd* out the *vexed* ſoul?
Now that *turneth* thee *beneath*,
With a new *recruit* of *breath*,
And *purges* out thy noyſome *Aires*
By *ſmells* with which the ſoul from *Heaven* repairs;
Leaving the *Original* to ſee

The *coppie* it left with *Mortalitie*,
And with an *ante-dated* bliſs comes on
To this *Preludium reſurrection*.

---

# *Jeſus eating*, John *faſting*.

HOw ſtrangely are theſe perverſe Jewes diſeas'd!
Nor *full*, not *faſting* pleas'd.

---

# *To the Angel bringing newes of our Saviours Nativitie.*

(1.)

EVer-bleſt Intelligence!
*That* while the quire about thee ſings,
Fann'ſt the Ayr with Redolence
From the healing in thy wings;
How thy breath doth aſſume,
Sweet before, a new perfume
From the Odor that it brings!

(2.)

Thy beauteous wings, beauteous feet,
Heavens bleſt Ambaſſador!
In thy tydings joy yet meet
Beauty they had not before.

Night

Night mantled in the Ray
Of unexepected day,
VVonders her dark reign is o're.

(3.)

In what ſtate thy glories break
Thy Retinew to put on;
Luſtres that do weakly ſpeak,
*Their* Negotiation:
Thy livery diſplayes
A Rich deep fring of Rayes,
May not well be look'd upon.

(.4)

VVhen thy Roſie lips give birth,
To a golden cloud of Breath,
That proclaimeth Peace to Earth
And a victory in Death:
New's of a Princely Boy,
Making us Co-heirs in joy,
VVith him, that doth it bequeath.

---

*Chriſt*

# *Christ walking on the Sea.*

THe troubled Sea with pants doth beat
Strugling beneath those blessed feet,
That tread with power Coercive on't
Fetters alone for *Hellispont*.
What Fleecie billows rowling come
Furr'd with the whiteness of their foam!
Such watry Quilts, are Carpets spread
Where ere the King of waves doth tr n ad.
The surges their curl'd necks upon
Would heave him to Ascension;
Their clouds such weight unworthy know,
Though Heav'n is (with him) below;
The waters un-retentive are,
Or his each step had fixt a Star:
Whose Number then, the other's less,
Had put them out with light's excess.

*Christ*

## *Christ in his Baptisme.*

HOw doth enamor'd *Jordan* throw,
His waters that do round him flow,
And his fair limbs pant upon,
As they had themselves *out-run*?
Each *successive Heyre* of bliss,
*Weeps* and takes a *parting kisse*;
Ev'ry drop *Constellates* here
*Trembling* on a *brighter sphere*;
*Gemm'd* themselves are well content
to make him their *Ornament*.
Prank't in his lustre those would Vie,
*Fall*, into a *Tear* and *Dye*;
Or rather crawl, with appetite,
To new Regions of delight:
Branch'd into *Vines*, a Trace they leave,
And wil'd in Fœrish *inter-weave*.
The watrie *clusters weighty* bend,
And *quiver* at the Mazes *end*:
Thus the Mysterious knots conceive
Him in a weak *Imbrace* to *Give*:
Whose shine from each part as it plays,
Un-essenceth the *Loomb* with *Rayes*.

## *Dives his Drop.*

THy ſing'd tongue ſuing ears are Deaf,
May ſhrivel up a *withered Leafe*;
A wat'ry Drop! an *Orient Gemme*,
Is rated *now* to its *eſteem*?
Hadſt thou afforded one *cold cup*,
What *Riches* hadſt thou *treaſur'd up*?

## *The Crown of thorns on our Saviours Head.*

(1.)

NOw the *Gyants Heav'ns* Brow
Scal'd have with ambitious Wars,
Where their ſpears too Riot now,
*Wounding* it with *other ſtarres*.

(2.)

Thoſe before did *ſhed* the *Ray*,
Into ſhowers of *Golden ſtreams*;
But theſe *water-eyes*, as they
*Bleed* their *bitter pointed Beams*.

(3.)

As that in the *Buſh* of yore,
This *Fire*, *indeſtructive* burns;
Though the *luſtre* be all o're.
*Un-conſum'd remaine* the *Thorns*,

The

## *The Miracle of the loaves.*

THe Widdowes rifing Oyle and Flow'r
That *swell'd* ſtil, as ſhe did devour,
But weakly *typ'd* this glorious Feaſt,
By *diminution increas'd.*

## The Teare.

Pſal. 6. v. 8. *The Lord hath heard the Voyce of my weeping.*

LOrd! we know the ſinners ſigh,
Can *wing't* on *High!*
And his *groan*
Is heard *loud Muſick* to thy Throne:
But can a poor *dejected Tear*
Borne to the *duſt* it *ſhun* doth *weare;*
Be heard above where Angels ſing,
And drowne *weak ſounds* with *Anthemings?*
It can't (I feare:)
The lids are vocall that ope wide
To utter a *ſpring Tyde;*
And waters which with *bubling Fall*
Are *Muſicall:*
Yet not alone the *Cataracts* of eyes
Do break the skyes;
We know the Tear,
That we give over here
Doth hang a *Jewell* in *thine Ear;*
Then if mine eyes cannot be *fluent* Lord;
O let them *ſpeak one word!*

Paul

## *Paul called.*

SEe! how the zealous persecutors Breath,
Sindges the Ayr, belching out Fire and Death!
Him with diviner love Christ doth acquaint,
And *Prostrate Paul* doth *rise* created *Saint.*

## *Pilate washing his hands.*

(1.)

Why all this Coyle
To *wash a Tile*
Spread
Thorough Redde!

(2.)

Blushes away!
Will *new* betray
*Th ck*
As the *Brick.*

(3.)

These though you wash,
All into *Plash*
*Still,*
*Slaw* they will!

(4.)

Thy hands too *Clay*
When *lav'd away*
Stain
Will remain.

*Lazarus*

## *Lazarus and Dives.*

WHy *Dives* loath'st that wretches skin?
His *Ulcers break*, thine *spread within*:
Death will *strip* his *Hayler* soule,
And thy *fair fear-cloth* too un-rowle:
The *naked* Truth that uncloath's defect,
And *Lazarus* will *then neglect*.

## *Peter walking on the waters at our Saviours call.*

SEe! where bold *Peter* at his Masters Beck,
Treads on each waves *submisstve* neck!
And when them he *frisled* lees,
*Wrapp* his feet in the *soft Fleece*;
And *Poys'd* by Faith goes to lay hold upon
The *Rock* of his *Salvation*:
Passing with looks alreedy o're,
Bent on the object that's before.
But now the Wind in *wanton luxe* that blowes
*Builds*, and as soon again o'rethrowes,
The sinuous billows rise in Caves,
And (curved) arch the under waves.
Peter and them who (Angell-like) o're ran,
Puts on again weak *sinfull Man*.
*Broke* with Fear, the waters fall,
And open to his burial.
When he that onely can, now call'd upon
Lifts him to *Resurrection*.

Teaching

Teaching his Faithleſs feet again
To *Kick* the late *deceitfull Main.*

---

## *To the ſluggard.*

Forth! dull ones forth! No Lyon ſtands to ſlay
The early *Cock-crow frights* ſuch *Beaſts* away.

---

## *Mortification.*

*Man.*

DEath! me thinks my *nimble* Clay
Might cheat thy *Duller*, and away:
I'll *hide* me from thee in *Earths womb.*

*Death.*

And ſo *antedate* thy *Tombe.*

*Man.*

Then *ſtrongly* I can hold the chaſe,
And flye thee o're the Earths *wide Face.*

*Death*

Yet tumble in at laſt thou muſt,
And thy each *ſteps*, *but duſt* to *duſt.*

*Man.*

But *Craven* I above can go,
And you may on your *Dung-hill* crow.

*Death.*

*Death.*

Know though the *ſtaires* Conveigh you o're
*Heap'd Coffins* to a *boarded* Flore.

*Man.*

Then I can dreſs my ſelf in *Bayes*,
Secure from thee, and all thy Wayes;
*Immortall* Bayes! that *never* fall.

*Death.*

Will deck thee for thy funerall.

---

## *Aſcenſion Day.*

POor Earth! it muſt be ſo, but greet
The *fare-well kiſſes* of his Feet,
And he is gone!
From thy rude pavement, that had none,
But what he *trodde*,
To that abode.
Doth *ſparkle* o'r with *precious ſtone*;
Where all the beauty of the skyes,
Wait for new luſtre from his eyes.
And glorious *Cherubs* glitt'ring bright,
Spread their *wings Fannes*, before their *ſight*!
Though more then *Eagle plum'd*, they dare not eye,
Such *killing Majeſty*.
But Lord! thou art not gone
Quite from poor fleſh, thou once eſsaiedſt on;
But wilt again return
With Tongues of Fire, that from the twelve ſhall burn
To *light* the *Nations feet*, and *teach* how we
May *get up after thee*.

*Aſſiction.*

## *Affliction.*

(1.)

Time her blithe children with their Mirth grown Red
A peeviſh *Grand-dame calls* to *Bed*.
Now the *dark Lanthorn* Night,
Doth *ope* and *ſhut* her *Light*;
The Morn doth *bluſh*,
*Gone at* a *Bluſh:*
Darkneſs again is *Fed*,
Soon with her *daily Bread*.
The brisk Hows's *lead the way*.
To thoſe that *dance aſleep* the *tyred* Day:

(2.)

But with a poor croſs-arm'd and fortun'd wretch,
The lazie Hour's do *yawning ſtretch*.
Night thinks him *Dead* and His,
As tedious *Mourner* is:
The *Roſie* Morn
Grow's *Pale* out-worne:
On Woe, the bold-fac'd Day,
Doth *ſtare* and *Gaping ſtaye*
The Sun doth *fixe* his *Eye*,
'Till He doth *Water thoſe* of *Miſery*.

(1.)

And with ſuch flaring Thread *Apollo* Rayes,
And *Lomes* the *Shuttle* of my *Dayes*
I lye with no Delight
In the *black arms* of Night

The

The Morning *blowes*,
I *ſmell* no *Roſe*
*Sheds* into broader Day,
Still Night with me doth ſtay
Doubled with the approach,
When darkneſs laſhes up her Miſtie Coach.

(4.)

But Lord! on *Tenters* if I muſt be thrown
I'll Rowle and think them yielding down,
*If* thou preſcrib'ſt it me,
Healthfull *Phlebotomie*
My veines were once
*Swolne* for the nonce.
When I am broke and torne,
Harrow'd enough and worne,
That thou wilt not Deſpiſe;
Then let my *Heart* (Lord) be thy *Sacrifice*.

---

## *Our Saviour circumciſed.*

(1.)

*Borne* (Lord) to woe
The *ſtory* of thy Age
Has too
As ſad a *Title-Page*
Thy day but now diſcloſes,
And muſt it needs too *break in Roſes*!

(2.)

(2.)

Thou art the *Vine*,
VVilt shed enough thy Wine
O're-spread
Thy Cross and *Cluster'd Red*
The *pruning-knife* is *letting*
*Thee Blood* (alas!) yet at thy *setting*.

---

## *Ten Lepers cleansed, one returning Thanks.*

OF ten were cleansed but one his thanks did pay,
And we would take too (Lord) that tythe away.

---

## *Conscience.*

CONscience doth Ape our changes, still so dress
*Cameleon* of the *Breast*;
VVhen we put off our *Working-day* Array,
Shee's in her *Holy-day*:
Be all then neatly swept from sinne,
And hung with *Light*:
She keeps her Revells too within,
As *Spruce* and *Bright*.

(2.)

Sloven we up our selves in lust she bragges
No dress, but Menstruous Raggs,
And the corruption In our Bosome dwells,
*Breathes* out in *Noysome smells*.

She

Shee fearfully too *Tenters* all within
With *Pricks* of sin.
In *Regulus* his engine as shee'd *Rowle*
And *scratch* the *soule*.
Give me a *quiet* Conscience Lord; but none
That is a *sleepy one*.

---

## Pauls *Conversion*.

THine eyes did search abroad amiss for sin,
That now confin'd are by reflex turn'd in:
To view (blest *Paul*) ills there, that call upon
Thee to bring home thy persecution.

---

## PRAYER.

(1.)

A *Fleece* of *Angell-downe* that flyes
In a golden cloud of Breath;
Still upward to the kindred skyes
And above them hovereth
A *Soule*,
In *Parcell* ushering the whole.

(2.)

A most illustrious *break* of *Day*,
From the *Night* of Death and *sin*,
A Bright and *Emissary* Ray
Of a cheerfull *light within*;
A *Spice*!
Smoaks from the Heart *in sacrifice*:

(3.)

(3.)

A *Spirit* hath got leave to *play*
From its *Chains* of *Flesh* and *Blood*.
A soul *escap'd* to *learn* the way
To its longed for abroad;
A thought,
Then up *in the third Heavens caught*.

(4.)

A *talking* with the *Holy One*,
A Familiar conference:
A *wrestling* for a sparkling throne
Got by *holy violence*
A *Plate*.
And *Clapper* to Saint *Peters* Gate,

---

## *The Hinderance.*

(1.)

MY God! an evill Custome's not
When we would have it, just forgot
Tyred with Live-long sin,
I oft would rest
Gathered within
My Breast:

(2.)

But an officious thought before,
Crept in at some private dore,
That lust would speak with me;
VVhispers aside
VVhen I would be
Deny'd.

(3.)

(3.)

THe *surfets* we first took to *please*
Hang after on us our *disease*.
The quarters warning not
Once wages pay,
Can them alot
Their stay,

(4.)

My God I knew the Time
My thoughts could climbe
Above the *Morning* Lark on wing,
And *singe*.

(5.)

The Regions of the ayre
Did not impaire
But *pervious* as a *Vacuum*
Become.

(6.)

Each crowded starre retires
And call'd in's Fires
Till far above their Orbs they greet
Thy feet.

(7.)

Now flutter out their age,
Pent up in Cage;
And as *Debauched Pris'ners* do,
*They too.*

# *Christmas-Day.*

(1.)

AWake! awake! the Morne
Is long since sprightly borne;
And with it is
The Prince of Bliss;
A *Ray*
Of *Angels* break the *Day*.

(2.)

*Aurora* half asleep
Doth *dew-bedabled* creep,
VVill blushing rise
At the surprise,
To be
But *her own Deputy*.

(3.)

The *Bethlemites* at sight
Of inexpected Light
Amazed fell
VVith Miracle:
To keep
A *Golden-Fleeced sheep*.

(4.)

And they thus prostrate do
Confesse Obedience too
To Him must keep
The *Shepherds sheep*,
To stock
His strange *inverted* Flock.

(5.)

Yet this great *Shepherd* now
To whom the *Pastors* bowe
At last supplies
In *Sacrifice*,
A meek
*Lamb* for the *Paschall week*,

(6.)

Thou dost the *effering* do
(Lord!) whom 'tis *effer'd* to
Us *Lambs* dost feed
*One* for us bleed
Alone
*Propitiation*.

---

## *Confession.*

MY God my inside might no day
E're peeps into with half a Ray.
The darkness there ne'r knew the Sun,
That puts the Negro *mourning* on,
But fires of lust there dwell that can
Scorch me an *Æthiopian*;
Related flames to those that dwell
(Black in the ugly mouth of Hell,
That Roabed in as course a smoke,
And stifled in themselves (too) choke.
My God these mists (thick Rhined) Chace
And *break* them with a *dawne* of grace,
Let my o'reflowing eyes *turn in*,
Till they *wash off* the *blacks* of sin,
And the clear face of Conscience *twin*

With the *bright glaſſe* it dreſſes in.
Such *ſpruceneſs* thy bleſt *Dove* may wooe,
To *houſe* within my boſome too
That there with beauteous wings diſplay'd
Will ſcatter *ſhine inſtead of ſhade*;
And my looſe thoughts *keep home* to one
Bright heaven of meditation.
My ſhudder'd ſenſes will *retire*,
And *leave abroad* no wild deſire.
My boſome (Lord) one *ſtroake* diſpatch,
Is *tynder* apt enough to catch;
I have a heart too *hard as Flint*
Who knowes but fire is vein'd within't
Oh but thou haſt eſſay'd and dark,
I have not *anſwer'd* in a ſpark.
Yet thou ſmit'ſt oft, and alwayes on,
With ſteels of try'd affliction,
But (roughly ſtroke) my hart was bright,
Once with ſome faire *ſpread ſeeds of light*:
Then (Lord) the fault hath ſurely bin
In theſe O're-burned Rags of ſin.
Oh Teach me but out on them to let
My tears, ſuch *tynder takes when wet*

---

The

## *The Roſe.*

(1.)

I ſaw the Roſe that blew
This very morn,
Beſlubber'd o're with dew,
As ſoon as born.

(2.)

The childhood I confeſs
Was paſſing ſleek.
And winde did kiſſing preſs
The damaſque cheek.

(3.)

When the ripe Virgin ſpread
The Suns fixt eye
Made her recline the head,
All modeſty.

(4.)

E're courage ſhee receives
A ſtorm doth Ruſh,
And ſcatter's all the leaves,
While yet they bluſh.

(9.)

Man ſo is born, and cries,
His cheeks as gay
His youth ſo charmeth eyes,
So ſnatch'd away.

## *on ſome leaves of the Holy Bible bound on either ſide of a Book of Humanity.*

HEre, here's a maſs ill blended, where the light
And darkneſs *ſhuffled* in one *Chaos* fight;
Or on each ſide (unmixt) the light hath ſtate.
And ſhewes the Chaos *newly ſeparate.*
The Æthicks know not the *Poſition* here
Where vertue is not in the *proper* ſphear:
But *joynt extreams* into the middle ſlide,
And vertue *ſlic'd* attends on *either* ſide.

## *Innocents Day.*

HOw grief enamell'd here appears!
In ſhowres of *Milk*, of *blood*, of *tears*,
As the various Iris now
Had *wept* her *bow.*†
Mothers *eyes* tears *not only* do,
Their *breſts ſhed* to their infants too:
Till bluſhing ſteel lets out the floud,
*Curdled* with blood.
VVhat needed *Canaan ſtain'd* before
VVith *milke* and *honey*, *milk* and *gore!*
*Sad faire mixture* to bequeath
*Beauty* to death.

*Natur*

## *Nature.*

MY God if thou not pull'ſt us thence,
Fleſh wallowes in the *mud* of ſence,
Thy paths are *clean*, but *ragged* oft,
And ſloughs, however *foule*, are *ſoft*.

## *The Jewes attempting to ſtone our* SAVIOUR.

(1.)

ARe theſe the griefes thou doſt expreſs,
Theſe are Sions *cruell* ones;
*Peeveſh rending* of thy dreſs,
And a *ruthleſs ſhowre* of *ſtones*.

(2.)

Keep the Lawes but *ſtrict intent*,
Though that *thunder* here be none,
*Each* hath its *Commandment*,
In a *table* (too) of *ſtone*.

(3.)

Struck with grief unleſs thou melt,
As the *Rock* did ſometime do:
When him you'd kill, Compaſſion felt,
Thoſe will *guſh out waters* too.

(4.)

Why ſhould you *antedate* his day,
That ſhall be layd in *ſtone* erewhile,
And ſhall *thence* (too) break away,
As he doth now through your *pile*.

---

## *The good Thief.*

HOw thy inverted ſentence is undon,
Into ſalvation;
That didſt but mount thy *Croſſe*, and by that *kiſſe*
*Step'ſt* into Paradiſe.

---

## *Our Saviour naked and wounded on the Croſſe.*

THy wounds a tyde,
Unto thy ſnowie ſkin diſpence,
That down thy Virgin limbs doth ſlide;
And throwes a *bluſh* o're *innocence*.

(5.)

Who *Heaven's* is,
Hath found an *unjuſt judge* of man,
His *Robes* in death though (not amiſs)
Are *Scarlet furr'd* with *downe* of *Swan*.

The

## *The Widowes Mites.*

VVOnder *close* writers that by magick ty't,
To see her *Creed* here *conjur'd* in a *mite.*

## *The Prodigal.*

STay wanton youth, that wild in *Luxe,*
Tyr'st *witty* Ryot, and (once in)
Paddlest in *voluptuous mudde,*
Shall thy spring tyde have no refluxe,
Still to the Chin
Must thou be borne up in the *unctuous* floud:
Sure thou'lt be weary when thou com'st to *dy,*
(Too) with the *swine.*

## *The Sepulchre.*

(3.)

SToop (viler Rocks) to *wanes* that rush,
Or teares more *kindly-native gush,*
Or *red* with your *own Corrall blush;*
That this (late) *stone*
As *cheap* an one,
Entrusted lyes.
The great *Exchequer* both of earth, and skyes.

(2.)

Man sure had *harder*, or had *none*,
This Rock had *bowels but* of *stone*,
And yet it *felt Compassion*;
And made him Room
In her *cold Wombe*;
'Till the third day,
He rose and *double gilt* it with his Ray.

---

## *Pride.*

MAn knew no pride, when brave in each respect,
Pride first began, when first began defect.

---

## *The Gadarens desiring Christ to leave their Confines.*

WHy from your borders Gadaren? he slew
Alas not half the swine he left with you.

---

## *Affliction.*

(1.)

HOw did the jolly current run?
Where did tippling play,
And no thought take,
But guest the *Christall still* would on;

And

And not my joyes betray;
To this *black Lake*.

(2.)

The wanton *curles* aside, I threw
From my *entangled* armes,
And raviſh't ſwam:
'Till me ſtill on the waters drew,
With the *ſoft murmur'd charmes*
To where I am,

(3.)

I know the *Angler* throwes his bait
To catch the *eaſie frie*,
But did not dreame,
That their *own water lay in wait*,
And therefore (careleſs) I
*Went with the ſtream*.

(4.)

Thy ſtubborne Prophet (Lord) did cry
From the unfathom'd deep,
And reach'd thine eares,
Oh! from this gulph but raiſe me, I
To *drown* my *ſin* will weep
A *ſea* of *teares*.

---

The

# The Soule compared to a Flower.

AS the flower doth tender ſpread,
The bright (in earth's fair boſome) head;
If it the dew and rain doth nouriſh,
My ſo tender mind doth flouriſh;
While with pleaſant dew 'tis fed;
That is, from thy fair ſpirit ſhed,
If this it want it ſtraight doth lye
(Heavie) as in a ſoyle that's dry.
The flower that doth ariſe, unleſs
Both dew and rain it nouriſhes.

*Ex Flamin. Metric.*

# Patience.

(1.)

Thou pious Angell that doſt dwell
Not under Roofes that ſhine;
But rather ſtand'ſt to *prop* the cell,
That doth with *age* decline.

(2.)

When the world ſhatter'd would fall on
Our Cottages of clay:
Under the *headlong* Ruines gon
Thou doſt the *Rubbiſh* ſtay.

(3.)

(3.)

And while the lash is falling seen
(that yet it may be broke)
Thou with thy guardian side between
dost carry off the stroke.

4.

Thou turn'st on the tormentor back
the anguish of his shame:
While we tell truth upon the rack
and (Martyrs) sing in Flame.

---

## *Meditation.*

1.

THou fair *Asylum* of the mind,
where we retire,
And from *our selves a safety* find;
and wild desire.

2.

A naked lodging you procure
within a heart,
And leave it a rich furniture
when you depart.

3.

Thou calleſt in the thoughts at large
by thine arreſt;
And redeliver'ſt them to charge,
of their own breſt.

(4.) In

(4.)

In thy withdrawings ſouls debate,
(in deere diſcourſe)
Upon their own eternal ſtate,
and long divorce.

(5.)

Thou leav'ſt the body clean alone,
while all doth riſe
Within by contemplation
above the skies.

---

## *Tears.*

THe ſeeds of penitence, that ſown
Are (inſtant) high as heaven grown
A rainy Sun-ſhine that appears
Leſs glorious, when you think it clears;
VVhy ſuperſtitious beads when eyes,
Have of their own ſuch Roſaries?
When the pent ſoul doth want its light,
This water waſhes clean the ſight,
Theſe are the ſparks we may admire
Above the Diamond entire.
And each to Heav'n doth (dearer) lye,
Than unto us the pretious eye.
Theſe gems do beſt adorn the ſoul
VVhen the ſhed ropes do ſcatter'd roul:
That (inexhauſtibly a ſtore)
Through prodigality are more;
And fall but from the Casket eyes,
On purpoſe to be pretious.

A ſpring

A ſpring, that waſh off onely can
The ſintul Æthiopian,
Where Angels dabli g with the wing
Do their eternal Anthems ſing,
From which though dayly purg'd we flie,
*Hemerobaptiſt* Hereſie.

---

# *Jacobs Viſion at Bethel:*

(1)

AND nights now ſilent wheels that glide
with un-diſcover'd pace,
Hid with the miſts they threw aſid.
earths ſolitary face.

(2.)

VVhen the good traveller oppreſt,
doth undiſturb'd, begin
To take up to his urgent reſt,
his inter-cepted Inne:

(3.)

And builds up an induſtrious heap
(of the there ſcatter'd ſtone)
An Altar dedicate to ſleep,
that he repoſes on:

(4.)

VVhere richly melting in his thoughts,
and ſoft perfume of Prayer,
His lids as ſweet a ſlumber caught
as he had ſlept on Aire,

(5) Now

(5.)

Now with a ravishing too theame
that doth his sense unwind,
The joyes of a delicious dream
Run through his beauteous mind.

(6)

A golden scale doth from him rise.
the prospect of his soul,
That lifts his intellectual eyes
to where the Clouds unroul,

(7.)

And the fair Gate of Heav'n lies
with bright expanded leaves,
VVhence he the sacred treasuries
with extasie receives,

(8.)

Angels that flutter to and fro
as sweet a calm do bring
As they should ore the pillow throw
the downe beneath their wing:

(9.)

Lord, could we on the quarries sleep
of hard affliction so,
VVe from the ragged clifts as steep,
might up wi[illegible] Angels go.

The

# The Taper.

(1.)

HOw that unthrifty *Taper* is declinde?
the ſubſtance ſpent,
And dear abundance in the which it ſhinde
and luſtre lent,
And of its own betraying Flaſh in dread,
Within the ſocket hides the bankrupt-head.

(2.)

How doth it wave the fires from ſide to ſide,
and bows oppreſt,
Until it languid all recruits have tride
in an unreſt,
Then ſinks into the bed that it hath wet,
And with a feaver, licks up what it ſwet.

(3.)

See how it heavy now the beſt part out
doth hopeleſs lye,
And now again in a reviving doubt
lifts up the eye:
Still the departing fires their farewell give,
And ſtill by lucid intervals they live.

(4.)

See now the nozzle all with Flame is lin'd;
and the vext elfe,
Doth a conſuming hell of torment find;
within it ſelf:
Or as it there is Sepulchred doth burn
The proper Ceremony of it's urn.

(5.)

The *Tapers* of our lives contract or ſpread
thus (Lord) the fires,
And a fair ſheet of lightning from them ſhed,
as ſoon retires:
Howere when the whole matter ſhal conſume
Let them my God go out with a perfume.

---

## *Our Saviour crucified between two Thieves.*

(1.)

LOrd from this ſtock mixt with a Graft unfit
what fruit eſcapes?
When we may equally gather from it
Thiſtles and Grapes.

(2.)

That people thee did a deceiver call,
thee ſo eſteems,
No ever Vertue had among them all,
like theſe extreams.

(3.)

Thou the great Judge of Heaven and Earth doſt one
ſad croſs divide,
With malefactors ill diſpoſed on
thy either ſide.

(4) Yet

(4.)

Yet here thou dost thy fearfull day begin
and parted stand
The Goat and Sheep with the same space between,
thy either hand.

---

# *Prayers,*

## *First for the Morning.*

(1.)

THe Morn her Rubie-studded Reins
now shakes on her Rathe horses mains
And with a dawne of Rosey light
doth blush away the shades of night.

(2.)

Lord! let the influxe of thy grace
so through my dark breasts display,
And (by insinuation) chace
the sin-contracted night away.

---

## (2.)

## For Noon

(1.)

The Sun now to his hight aſpires,
and throweth East and West his fires:
Th' awakn'd ſpice perceives his ſhine,
and the warm bowels of the Mine.

(2.)

Lord, now inflame us with thy Love,
and let it with a vigour riſe:
Until it glow and ſpread above
the convex of what-ever skies.

(3.) For

## ( 3. )

# *For Evening.*

( 1 )

NOw posts the Conscientious day,
all Red with Modesty away
And hastes to hide her bashful light
in the foul bosome of the night.

( 2. )

Lord! though the *Tapers* of the day
thus by succession finde their Urn,
Let ours no such weak Lawes obey,
but still (unintermitted) burn.

The

# The good Thief.

(1.)

So more than in the edge of Evening, who
e're had the dayes whole hire but you?
Thou unto Rapine did'ſt (accuſtom'd) watch,
and thy ſalvation ſnatch:
or the third Heavens caught
Thee up (from thy example) taught:

(2.)

What a compendium thou doſt make of bliſs?
yet doſt compleat repentance too;
And not a cold and barren Faith thine is,
but it doth likewiſe do,
thou plead'ſt the Lord's defence
Strange Orator of innocence!

# *The Viper on the hand of Saint* Paul.

THat Viper once accuſt leape with intent,
(From his hot bed) but to die innocent,
And having kiſs'd *Pauls* hand quite overcome,
Drope to his Flames, and ſuffer'd Martyrdome,

FINIS.

## *Errata.*

*Page* 2.*line* 8.*reade* is. *p.*5.*l.*2.*r.*to. *p.*5.*l.*3 *r.*there. *p.*9. *l.*9.*r.*retain't. *p* 12.*l.*21.*r.*brings. *p.*13.*l.*17.*r.*uſeleſs *p.*18. *l.*3.*r.*eye-beams. *p.* 8.*l.* 14.*r.*Diadems *p.*18.*l.* 16.*r.*dreſs. *p.* 21.*l.*22.*r.*own *p.*24.*l.*21.*r.*twitt'ring *p.*25 *l.penult.dele* by. *p.*26.*l.*13 *r.*reluctancy. *p.*26.*l.*27 *r.*where *p.*27.*l.*11 *r.*light. *p.*28.*l.*7.*r* varietie. *p.*30.*l.*8 *r.*a riſing. *p.*31.*l.*24.*r.*precipice *p.*34.*l.*24. *r.*heire. *p.*37.*l.*27.*r.* ſhur. *p.*40.*l.*10.*dele* a. *p.*40. *l.*25 *r.* learns. *p.*44.*l.*7.*r.* reſolv'd. *l* 31.*r.*his. *p.*44 *l.* before the *antepenult* whate're. *p* 45 *l*9.*r.* terribly. *p.* 46.*l.*1. *r.*thought. *p* 48.*l.*29.*r.* it dimmer. v. *ult. r.* ever. *p.*58.*l.*2. *r.*wont. *p.*66 *l.ult r.*my. *p.*69.*l.*1.*r.*burn. *p.*42.*l.*7.*r.*leal'd. *p.*77.*l.*33.*r.*lambent. *p.*76.*l.*6.*r.*believe. 119 *l.* before *antepenult.r.*mount's.

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